THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

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"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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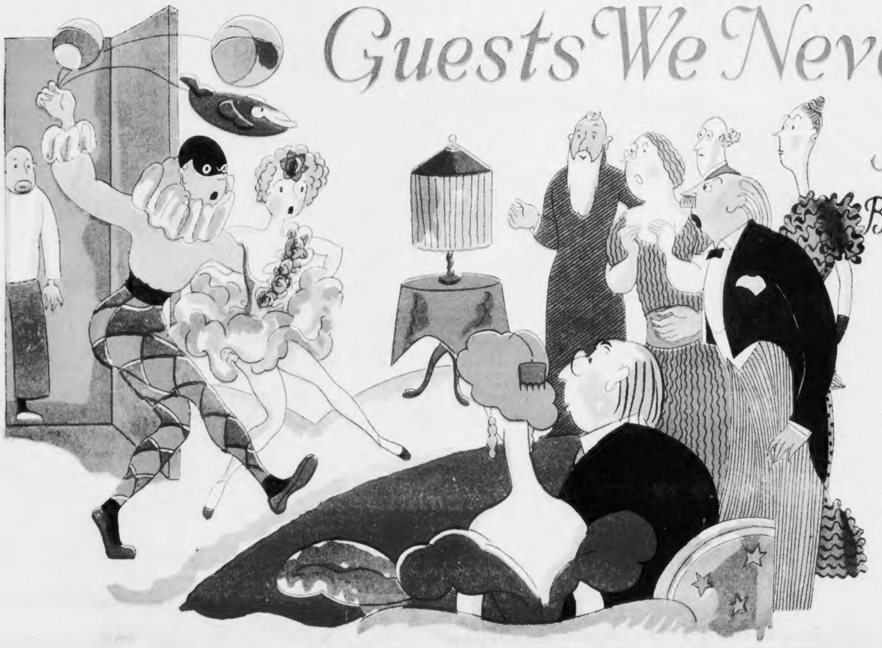
Sunday, May 30, 1937

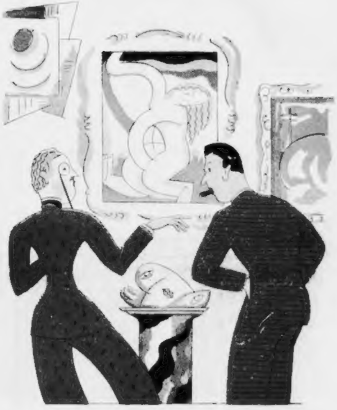
Guests We Never Invite Again

By the Brilliant Satirist

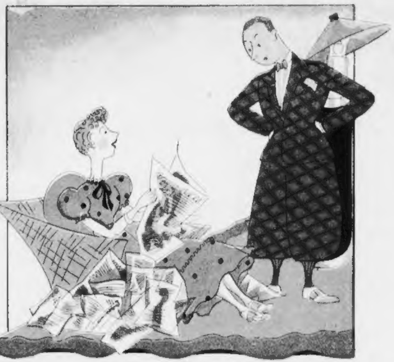
FISH



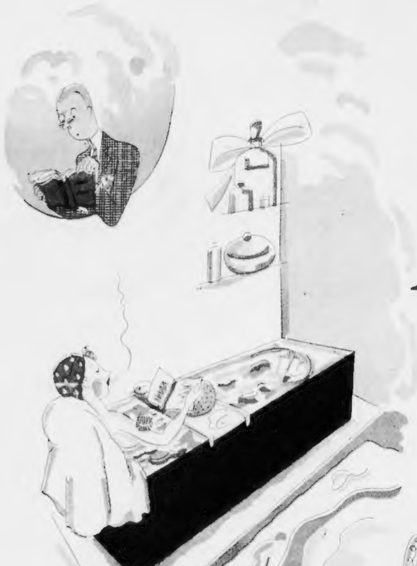
Who Turn Up at the Wrong Party



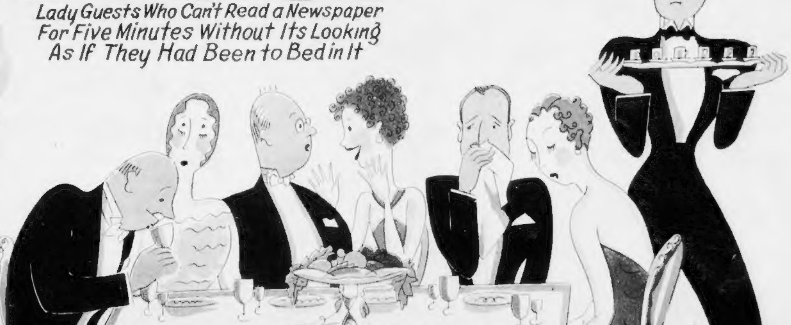
The Art Expert Who Tells You Your Collection of Pictures Is PUNK



Lady Guests Who Can't Read a Newspaper For Five Minutes Without Its Looking As If They Had Been to Bed in It



Who Take and Read Your New Book in the Bath Until It Is All Stuck Together



Young Guests Who Seek to Enliven the Party by Telling Bright and Risqué Stories

Why Berlin Has Started A Playroom For Grown-ups

The Adult, Playing With Building Blocks at the Left, Is One of the Regular Visitors to the Playroom for Grownups. So Is the Man, Smoking a Cigarette, While He Very Seriously Plays War With a Toy Cannon.

BLACK STAR PHOTOS

A STRANGER dropping into a clubroom recently opened in the German capital might be excused for thinking that the members of the organization are men and women who are suffering from mental diseases and lapsing into so-called second childhood.

Here, almost every afternoon, men and women get together to play with blocks, mechanical toys, miniature locomotives and cars, not to mention the seemingly silly business of blowing bubbles. Several of the men who call regularly at the "nursery" prefer to spend their time playing with little cannons, tanks that wind up and troops of little soldiers fashioned of wood and of metal.

But these adults are far from insanity, or imbecility. They are able business and professional people, many of them holding important positions. Visits to the "nursery" help to clear away the confusions of the workaday world and to refresh them mentally after serious work in the office, or the shop.

Several of the country's most eminent psychologists are interested in the playroom and, now and then, stop in to spend a half hour or so assembling colored blocks into tiny buildings, or to work out a bit of military strategy with miniature soldiers and models of death-dealing weapons.

"Have you not seen," asked one psychiatrist interested in the experiment, "how grown-ups enjoy playing with the toys they give their youngsters at Christmas time? This is no expression of a childish mind: it is normal adult behavior. To build is instinctive. It is as intelligent for a man 30 to 40 years old to so put pieces of wood together that they form some conception of his imagination as it is for a child of five to do the same thing."

One of this doctor's colleagues, famous all over Europe for his success at curing nervous disorders, is even more revealing in his talk about the recently opened playroom.

"All of us who work with our heads rather than with our hands," he said, "can find satisfying relaxation in doing something constructive, something easily and quickly done. This has a tendency to clear the brain of worry because it requires some concentration. You see a model house built with blocks isn't important in itself, but it is of value because it provides a quick form of relaxation. It would be a fine thing for many adults if they, like the visitors to this spot, would let go once in awhile and amuse themselves with some seemingly childish form of play."

When photographs of the Berlin "nursery" for adults were published in England and France, the undertaking did not draw any belittling or sarcastic comments from editors because Britishers and Frenchmen do much the same thing, in one way or another.

In the British Isles, for example, there are two organizations — the Model Railway Club and the London Power Boat Club—made up entirely of men, many of whom are past 60 years of age. The members of the first-named outfit make and operate toy railroads, some of them worth many thousands of dollars. The club holds regular meetings at its headquarters in Tottenham Court Road where men bring their lengths of track and their toy rolling stock to demonstrate their skill at model making and at railroading on a small scale.

Bubble Blowing Is a Favorite Pastime in the Berlin Nursery for Adults. The Photograph at the Extreme Right Shows Four Members of the Class Enjoying Some Juvenile Relaxation After Their Day's Work.

Some years ago G. P. Keen was president of the club and was known all over England as an expert model maker. He had designed and built some 65 model locomotives, some of which were studied by the builders of full-sized locomotives because they embodied advanced ideas in engineering.

In Beaconsfield, not far from London, is a miniature village that covers a thousand square yards of ground on the estate of a Mr. Callingham, a wealthy man who, with the help of a gardener, built the entire set-up of tiny houses, shops, railway stations, docks and what-not, as a form of relaxation and to demonstrate his skill with tools. Thousands of persons have visited this village, which has won the commendation of many planners of communities.

The Berlin playroom has interested so many men and women, most of whom are above the ordinary in intelligence, that there is talk of moving into larger quarters.

Lived With Cannibals; Found Them "Decent"

LONDON.

BEFORE he set out on a scientific expedition to the islands of the South Seas, more than a year and a half ago, John Layard, a well-known British anthropologist, had no use for cannibals. In fact he wasn't even certain that there were eaters of human flesh in the part of the world where he was bound with his notebooks and his camera. He hoped he wouldn't find himself in the company of head-hunters who might like the look of his Anglo-Saxon physique and decide to serve it up in roasts and stews.

The other day Anthropologist Layard walked down the gangplank of a liner which brought him home from the South Sea Islands by way of Australia. He had stored in the hold of the ship many valuable relics of primitive native life which eventually will find their way into British museums. And he had tucked away in his scholarly head a great deal of information which will be passed on to his colleagues and to the students of many a college and university.

Dr. Layard, believe it or not, lived for about a year with a tribe of cannibals who are not above an occasional feast of "long pig." They stewed a black or two while he was living among them. But the scientist, strange as his words sounded in the ears of London newspapermen who interviewed him, insisted that the kinky-haired cannibals are "frightfully decent people."

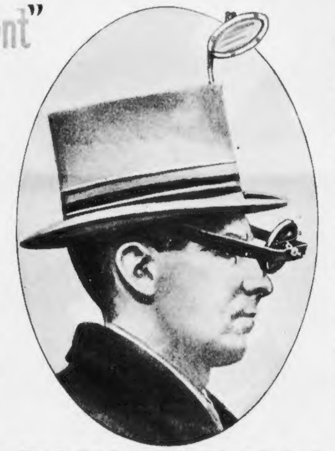
This statement took a bit of explaining, but the anthropologist backed up his words with ample proof. The fact that he had hobnobbed with the flesh eaters for a whole year and returned to England intact was proof enough that they had been "frightfully decent" to him, however badly they treated others.

The cannibals, he said, occupy Atchin Island. The tribe numbers about 400 blacks. They have no chief, but are ruled by public opinion expressed through a sort of board of directors of the oldest members of the clan.

When Layard landed on the island he carried no arms of any kind. The blacks, toting spears, bows and arrows, and a few guns, soon saw that the stranger was no menace. They put him on probation, so to speak, and he managed to behave himself so that he won their confidence and their friendship. They permitted him, as he put it, to "go native" and take part in their tribal customs.

Now and then the young men of the tribe went head hunting among another community of blacks on another part of the island. They got their men—and, what's more, they cooked them and ate them. "But," says the British scientist, "they aren't just killers, for the sport of it. Cannibalism is normal with them. It is a part of their primitive religious belief. When they go on a butchering spree, they honestly believe that they are honoring their ancestors and earning a place for themselves in the next world."

Dr. Layard said that he actually disliked leaving his black-skinned hosts and plans to go back to their island some day.



England's New Periscope Hats, Invented for Use in Seeing What Is Going On Over the Heads of the Crowds That Always Gather for the State Pageants. The Eyes of the Wearer Look Into One Mirror, Into Which Is Transposed the Reflection Out of the One on Top.

Periscope Hats for Parades

THE amusing looking device shown in the photograph above is not doomed to the limbo of "crazy" inventions, for all its bizarre appearance. When it was shown at the British Industries Fair, recently held in London, hundreds of people tried on the trick hat and announced their intention of having one of these clever periscope hts as soon as they were put on the market.

The mirror at the top is tilted at such an angle that it reflects whatever image it catches in the other looking-glass in front of the wearer's eyes.

The inventor of the device sees a great number of uses for his invention. For watching parades it is, of course, a boon to the individual who finds himself stuck behind several rows of spectators. And it is just the thing for sporting events, such as horse races, cricket matches, football games and track meets. It saves no end of neck stretching.

Lost Man Led the Life of an Ape

IF a group of foresters patroling the government preserves a few miles outside of Riga, Latvia, tell the truth, then the legendary antics of Tarzan are not so fantastic as they might seem to some readers.

Some weeks ago, when the woodsmen returned to their headquarters, they reported that they had come upon a strange creature crouching at the foot of a tall tree. From a distance they couldn't make out whether it was a man or some queer species of ape.

When the leader of the party shouted, the creature gave a mighty leap and disappeared in the woods. They ran after it and, to their surprise, saw it high overhead, swinging from branch to branch. It was no easy job keeping up with the quarry.

One of the foresters took a shot at the figure when it swung across a clearing in the leaves and hit it in the leg. With a shriek of pain the "ape-man" dropped to the ground and was soon surrounded.

After something of a struggle the foresters managed to bind the man up—for it was a man—and carry him to a village a few miles away. The fellow was, they discovered, naked, and his body was covered with a crop of coarse hair.

The story was not quite so fantastic as it, at first, seemed, however. The captive was no hybrid, half man and half ape, but a mentally deranged farmhand who had disappeared from the village several years ago. The police had searched for him for a time and given up the chase, assuming that the man had just tired of working in the fields and had gone elsewhere to make a living.

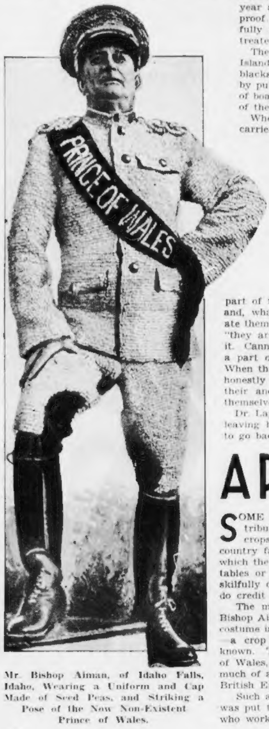
But, it seems, the man had gone into the woods and, in a manner of speaking, reverted to the ways of his prehistoric ancestors. He was a husky and vigorous fellow, whose mind was as weak as his body was strong, and had managed to get along on a diet of roots and berries, with vegetables and an occasional chicken or pig, stolen from farms in the vicinity.

Doctors who looked after the gunshot wound, were amazed at the muscular development of the ape-man and at the growth of hair all over his body. His skin, they said, was tanned by the sun and wind and was as tough as leather.

The man, never able to read and write, had forgotten the few words he had known as a farmhand and, when he made any attempt to answer the questions of the foresters and the physician, got out nothing more civilized than guttural grunts.

He registered obvious pleasure when a plate of roast meat was put before him and used his hairy hands to stuff the meal into his mouth. He seemed mystified by the knife, fork and spoon placed beside his plate.

A search through the woods where the ape-man was sighted by the foresters revealed that he had taken the trouble to fit up a small cave formed by two large boulders. The floor was covered with leaves and a crude bunk had been fashioned of stout branches tied together with lengths of root. The cave was hidden in a thicket and the fellow had been careful not to wear a path to the entrance.



Mr. Bishop Aiman, of Idaho Falls, Idaho, Wearing a Uniform and Cap Made of Seed Peas, and Striking a Pose of the Now Non-Existent Prince of Wales.

A Pair of Costumes Good Enough to Eat

SOME clever showmanship is used to pay tribute to the fertile soil and advertise the crops that grow in this country. At most country fairs there is at least one pageant in which the costumes are made of flowers, vegetables or fruits. Sometimes these things are skilfully combined to make outfits that would do credit to a Parisian couturier.

The militant looking fellow at the left is Bishop Aiman, of Idaho Falls, Idaho. His trim costume is covered with thousands of seed peas—a crop for which his home State is well known. The sash, labeling him as the Prince of Wales, is worked in peas but doesn't mean much of anything at the moment—because the British Empire has no Prince of Wales.

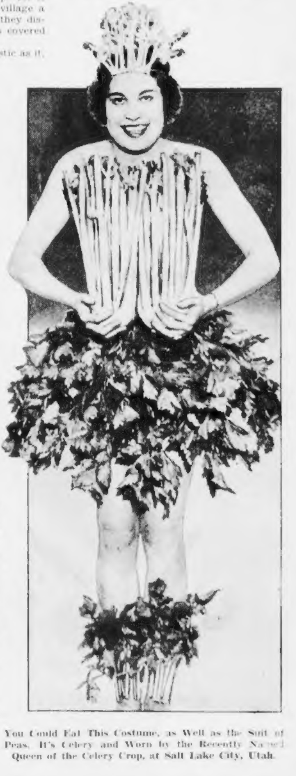
Such a uniform is no simple job. This one was put together by 34 women of Idaho Falls who worked with peas and needle and thread for five days. It was, they said, when the work was finished, much more of a contract than they'd figured on. Handling the little peas, it turned out, was much more difficult than assembling a quilt with a complicated pattern. The result, however, was worth the trouble and did a lot to publicize the peas produced in their section of the country.

The young woman at the right of the page is a charming advertisement for the celery that springs from the soil of Utah. When she was picked as that State's Celery Queen, she decided that her royal costume should be made of the green leaves and bleached stalks of the vegetable.

The ragged leaves made a short, flaring skirt just the right length to show off Her Majesty's dimpled knees and graceful legs. And the same foliage, left on the stalks, served as tops for her edible boots. The bodice of the gown, as the photograph shows, was made of two prize bunches of the stalks—enough of them to provide a crisp and appetizing opener for a dinner of at least two dozen persons.

It was a bit of a problem to fashion celery into a crown with a regal appearance, but the Queen—who is Miss Katherine Robinson when she isn't playing ruler of Utah's celery crop—designed a striking coronet which spectators at the coronation thought was a minor masterpiece.

The pea outfit, like the celery ensemble, looked good enough to eat—and they were just that. In fact some of the celery worn by the Queen was, after the pageant which saw her installed on a throne to rule for a day, served at a dinner in Salt Lake City.

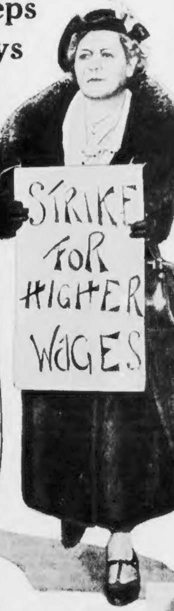


You Could Eat This Costume, as Well as the Suit of Peas. It's Celery and Worn by the Recently Named Queen of the Celery Crop, at Salt Lake City, Utah.

Unpleasant Surprises in Mr. Christensen's Divorce

All the Situations for a Serio-Comic Movie in the Real-Life Matrimonial Squabble of the Wealthy Jersey Manufacturer Who Makes Buttons Out of Cheese and "Steps Out" Now and Then, His Wife Says

Jean Carroll, Attractive Artists' Model, Taking a Drink at a New York Bar. Jean Is the Chief Figure in the Divorce Suit of Mrs. Christensen of East Orange, New Jersey, Against Her Husband.



Mrs. Christensen Wearing a Placard of Encouragement Among the Strikers in Front of Her Husband's Button Factory.

Suddenly the Door Opened and Out Crept Mr. Christensen, Hat in One Hand and Suitcase in the Other, His Wife Asserts, and She Tackled Him Before He Could Get to the Elevator. Meanwhile His Companion in the Hotel Room Looked Anxiously to See Whether He Had Made a Safe Getaway.

Peter C. Christensen, President of the Button Corporation of America, From Recent Portrait Taken by His Wife.

Ella Logan, the Movie Actress, in Whose Hollywood Home Mrs. Christensen Says Her Husband and Jean Carroll Spent Five Happy Days.

MR. PETER C. CHRISTENSEN who has become rich by making buttons out of cheese, says that his wife, Johanna, doesn't know a one-dollar bill from a thousand-dollar bill, but he must admit that she has learned something about the divorce game. Twice she came to bat in the New Jersey courts, only to be struck out by the button-maker's resourceful lawyers. On her third inning, she got onto their curves, reached first base, and expects to win the game triumphantly.

The story Mrs. Christensen tells would make tears run down the cheeks of most any judge, if it were not interspersed with comic surprises, likely to make him burst out laughing. Mrs. Christensen is undoubtedly an aristocrat because her husband says so, and she admits it. A little over twenty-six years ago, Johanna became acquainted with a Danish immigrant who did not seem a likely husband for an aristocrat, who says she once turned down the chance to be a German Princess.

Fresh from Denmark, twenty-nine years old, four feet eleven inches in height, Christensen was struggling with the English language and chemical formulae under the eye of the great Thomas A. Edison, in the wizard's laboratory at Menlo Park, N. J. Even to ordinary women he did not look like any matrimonial bargain. He went around in a sort of preoccupied trance, muttering strange gibberish that would make sense to nobody but a chemical engineer, and automatically dodging men, horses and even the loveliest women, with equal indifference.

Waitresses where he dined failed to see any prospects in a pint-sized man who would eat his food mechanically and with a half-conscious look in his eye until the pie arrived. At sight of this, he was likely to pull out a pencil, make queer diagrams on the tablecloth, forget the pie, grab the cheese, and run out with it in his hand.

One day, Christensen seems to have had what most women would consider a lucid interval in which he took notice of his surroundings, saw Johanna, fell in love and asked her to marry him. As men in love usually do, he confided in her the secret ambition of his life, to make buttons out of cheese. The waitress would have thought it a fool idea to use up something that can be sold, as is, for food, instead of making them out of oyster shells, bones and other eating-house waste products. Johanna, who doesn't care for cheese and, like most women, is a large button-consumer, thought it an excellent idea.

Johanna married the inventor, realizing that he would probably relapse into his scientific trance until he had succeeded. Eventually he did succeed but the preoccupation kept right on because he had to fight patent-infringement suits, to get people to risk their savings, financing his invention and to work out all sorts of quantity-production problems. Every time, just as she was sure he would have a little leisure to wake up and take notice of his patient, loving wife, something like that bobbed up to yank him back into that cold world of the intellect where there is little woman-consciousness.

But Mrs. Christensen had the marvelous foresight to realize that this man who had been too busy for romance all these long years, would some day come to life and make up for lost time. What a lover he would be! Surely he was worth waiting for. Johanna did wait twenty-four years, and just as she had foreseen, the great awakening came. She was right on the job ready to receive all those long-overdue back-instalments of love, with compound interest.

Instead of bliss supreme, the great awakening, she says, brought the most shocking disappointment of her life. When the long-awaited love-light dawned in the eyes of the "button-Napoleon," now 53 years old, she says, those eyes did not look at his wife, standing with outstretched arms right in front of him, but past her at a beautiful blonde, an artist's model, whose art-name is Jean Carroll, and who is about the age that Christensen was before he went into his scientific semi-coma. Perhaps a person comes out of these states, like one who has recovered from amnesia, with a forgetfulness of all the years that have passed.

That was no excuse in the indignant mind of Johanna. If he was going to waste all those back numbers of romance, that rightfully belonged to herself on "Hooker," there would be a divorce. For some reason Mrs. Christensen prefers to call Miss Carroll by her original name which is Mary Josephine Hooker.

Johanna supposed that to get a divorce all a lady had to do was order one. She knew that women are constantly getting them for no reason at all, except that they want to marry someone else. Therefore with what she considered "the most outrageous justification in the world," she imagined she could have one almost by calling a judge on the telephone and asking him to send one up to the house, on approval. But when she rushed into court Johanna found the law not so obliging.

It was a painful surprise to discover how little a learned judge seemed to know about her. It was necessary to testify that she and Peter were legally married, as if the judge would think she would be living in sin with him all those years. And when it came to speaking her mind about her husband and that "Hooker person," what was her consternation to find everything she tried to say ruled out just because she had not seen it herself. After talking for hours what was her grief to see it almost all ruled out. She wasn't even permitted to mention her alleged rival by name.

"Three strikes and out!" said the court, in effect.

Any Fifth Avenue jeweler would trust her without question; why wouldn't the judge take her word against these people in court? The lawyers explained that the suit was opposed, and therefore, like a battle, in which the one who had the most soldiers and ammunition in the form of witnesses and evidence was usually the winner.

This was bad enough, but the worst was yet to come. Her husband brought a countersuit for divorce, charging that she had deserted him and he had evidence to prove it. However, her lawyers rose to the occasion, and by pitching a few swift ones struck him out on a technicality. She had to leave his bed and board or else condone his offense, even if it wasn't an offense.

So Mr. Christensen's suit also was thrown out of court, and the pair were just where they had started, except that one of them had learned something. If it was evidence that counted in court, then she would go out and get plenty. She did so, marching back with a second suit, armed with enough affidavits, she imagined, to divorce a leopard from its spots. Again she received a shock when the enemy answered with an even greater array, tending to prove that they were pure as the driven snow.

Johanna could envision herself ignominiously striking out again. Then, as she sat in frustrated fury wondering what to do, there occurred something which, if true, is one of the most ingenious traps ever devised in the annals of matrimonial warfare. She is convinced that only a great inventive mind could have conceived it, and that it was much smarter than making buttons out of cheese.

Being fifty years old and still a good woman, neither gold nor gigolo could tempt her, but she would listen to anyone who offered to "get the goods" on her husband.

She says that Paul Clements, a diffident young stranger, came to her with a proposition to lead her to the room in a Manhattan hotel where she would find her husband with the woman she suspected. The idea, as she understood it, was for her to listen outside, identify their voices and then get her raiding party.

The real plot, she says she learned later, was for Clements to push her through the door, jump in after her, and hold her there until Christensen and a brigade of witnesses could break in, find her with a "gigolo" and have "the goods" on her instead.

Johanna says that she fell for the plot, but had the forethought to bring a detective along. She alleged that Paul led her almost to the room, but forgot the room number, fidgeted, blushed and showed such signs of guilt that she became suspicious and had him arrested. Paul, it is charged, confessed to the conspiracy and received ten days' sentence for "loitering." On the way out, it is asserted that he managed to flash a warning to Christensen, and that he got out so fast that nobody could accuse him of loitering.

Christensen takes off his hat to his wife as a greater inventor than he ever hoped to be. He makes buttons out of cheese, but asserts that Johanna invented that conspiracy out of absolutely nothing at all. To make something from nothing is contrary to the laws of physics. But he admits that, according to the divorce laws, anything is possible. It was certainly a nice little surprise to him.

But if a trap like that could be laid for an innocent person, it was a fine idea for getting evidence on a really guilty one. So Johanna hired a detective to watch her husband, and soon got just the news she was expecting, she asserts. Flanked by many detectives, she went to a certain New York hotel, tapped on the door and asked sweetly to be admitted. From within came a voice, her husband's, she declares, saying:

"There is the old lady now!"

At this Johanna withdrew and hid. After a long time, she says, her husband peeped out and, seeing the coast apparently clear, made a run for the elevator, while a woman's head watched from the partly open door. When his wife loomed up in the path, she says he dashed down the stairs, out the door, and ignoring his own car threw himself into a taxi, and the blonde model escaped likewise.

Armed with this new evidence, Mrs. Christensen entered her third suit for divorce, which so impressed the court that it awarded her $3,000 counsel fees and $1,000 a week temporary alimony. And then another surprise happened—the four hundred employees of Christensen's button factory went on strike when they learned from his wife's suit how much money the boss seemed to have.

Pickets marched back and forth in front of the plant with signs reading: "Pete Loves—We Starve" and other unpleasant mottoes. And, to the further surprise of the button magnate, his wife stepped out of a sleek automobile, dressed in handsome furs, borrowed one of the mottoes and joined the pickets. Next day she arrived and fed them hot hamburgers and coffee and harangued them, urging them to stand firm.

One of the strikers spoiled everything by asking if she would turn her alimony over to the union. She didn't care for the idea and next day they were cold to her. Her own lawyers advised her to keep out of the strike, and when the judge cut the $1,000 alimony down to $75, the world's first sympathy-alimony strike petered out. But both sides say that more surprises are in store.

No Chance For Soft-Headed Parole Boards In China

PHOTOS PICTURES INC.

There's Nothing Private About the Summary Way in Which China Deals With Criminals. This Opium Dealer Is About to Be Punished by a Policeman.

The Shot Is Fired and the Case Is Closed. No Chicken-hearted Parole Board Can Ever Turn This Criminal Loose on the Public.

Criminals Seem to Be Resigned to Their Destiny. This Man, Being Searched for Drugs, Knows That When They Are Found, a Bullet From the Gun in the Officer's Extra-large Holster Will Climax His Career.

And, Sure Enough, Here's the Photograph of What Happened. The Criminal Is Disposed of Before Anybody Has Time to Work Up Morbid Appeals for Mercy or Impossible Rehabilitation.

PEIPING, China.

THE Chinese are a philosophical people and full of strange ways, in the eyes of the Western World. They worship their ancestors. They suffer starvation, hardship and death with amazing calm. They believe that Heaven is a wonderful place, so wonderful that the prospect of going there is so pleasant that they have much less consideration for their own lives, and the lives of others, than the people of most other countries.

Public executions have, for a long time, been a sort of popular sport in the Land of the Yellow Dragon. The police catch up with a gang of bandits, herd them in some open space and, in a matter-of-fact way, lop off their heads or shoot the culprits. The crowd packed about the execution grounds giggles in amusement, and it is seldom that a victim registers much interest in the proceedings.

For many months now China has enjoyed something of a slaughter-fest of citizens looked upon as public enemies for one reason or another. In dozen different cities and towns, the soldiers and police have put the muzzles of pistols to the heads of dope addicts and peddlers of narcotics and coolly sent them to Kingdom Come.

Just the other day the newspapers of the world reported that the Chinese authorities had executed 215 lepers and nine drug peddlers, among them a young and beautiful woman. The lepers were, of course, not to blame for their offense against society. But they were menaces to the public health and unpleasant to have around. So with little ceremony, they were blasted into the land of their honorable ancestors.

The dope peddlers had been given fair warning that, if they didn't quit the traffic that has undermined the national health of China for centuries they'd wind up on their knees before a firing squad. The girl Miss Lu Tse-lan—was executed before a large and delighted gathering at Hsuchow. The others, eight men, were shot at the Bridge of Heaven, in this city.

No one knows how many thousands of Chinese have been publicly executed in the past hundred years or so, because such grim parties are an old Oriental custom. But, in the opinion of many Occidentals, there is one great virtue—apart from whatever injustice there may be in this sudden and definite manner of dealing with criminals. Once they have been found guilty of a crime they are not allowed to hire lawyers and become wards of the state through long months of trials, appeals, and more trials. And no sentimental and soft-headed parole board lets them loose after they have been convicted and sentenced to prison, or to be executed.

Many innocent heads may have fallen in China but, at the same time, a lot of guilty ones have been slashed off, or used as targets before the owners had time to become a social and financial problem to the taxpayers.

The present political rulers of the sprawling and disconnected empire that is China are aroused to the menace of opium and other drugs to their power as a people. They are determined that the traffic in opium, heroin and cocaine, shall be wiped out, if they have to kill off addicts and dealers by the thousands.

China has a special police force, a sort of G-man outfit which does nothing but track down and snuff out dope peddlers. These limbs of the law have a free hand in their work and don't have to bother about judges, politicians, lawyers, and assorted "fixers." All they need to know is that the prisoner, whether it be a man or a woman, actually peddles dope. That fact serves as both evidence and an order to convict—and the order is carried out to the honor of the police, and the amusement of crowds who would rather witness an execution than see a Hollywood movie or watch their slant-eyed friends play an exciting game of American baseball.

China has no reformers either, to wail about the cruelty of it all. The real reformers, it is felt, are the men who have ordered the quick and effective dispatching of criminals after having given them warning to obey the law, or be shot.

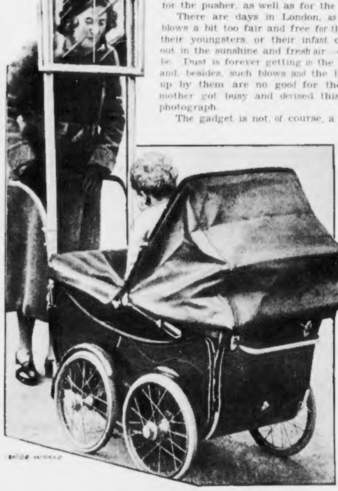
Windshield for the Pram-Pusher

LEAVE it to the English to think up gadgets for the comfort of mothers and nursemaids. The latest device with this humane object is a perambulator with a windshield for the pusher, as well as for the "pushee."

There are days in London, as elsewhere, when the wind blows a bit too fair and free for the comfort of women giving their youngsters, or their infant charges, their constitutional out in the sunshine and fresh air—or the fog, as the case may be. Dust is forever getting in the eyes of baby buggy pushers and, besides, such blows and the bits of this and that picked up by them are no good for the complexion. So an alert mother got busy and devised this face guard shown in the photograph.

The gadget is not, of course, a permanent part of the perambulator and may be put on and taken off by a few turns of a couple of screws.

The idea is so new that only a very few carriages have the device, and most of these are in the smart Mayfair section where people have plenty of money to go in for such innovations. The nurses who have the shields are grateful for them, but still a little self-conscious.



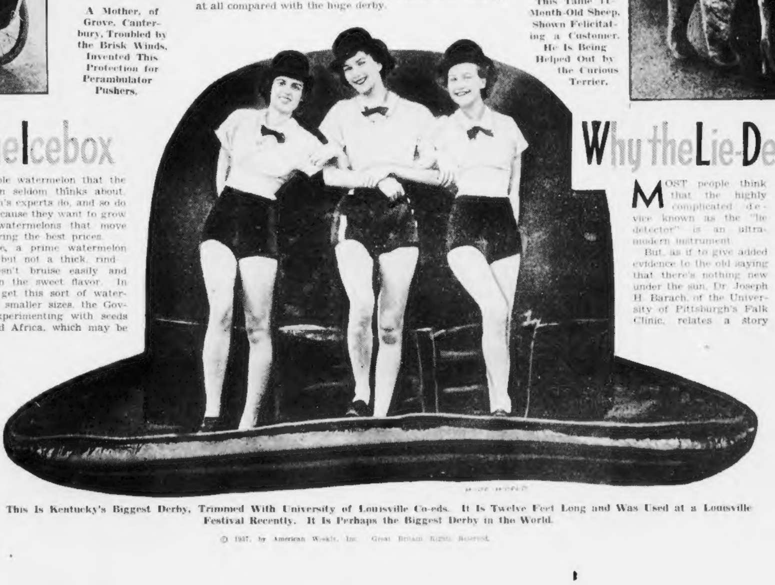
WIDE WORLD

A Mother, of Grove, Canterbury, Troubled by the Brisk Winds, Invented This Protection for Perambulator Pushers.

Kentucky's Biggest Derby

THE biggest derby in the world is in Louisville, Kentucky—where once a year, thousands of people flock to watch the famous Kentucky Derby, the country's outstanding classic of the turf. It recently was exhibited, with the help of some good-looking co-eds from the University of Louisville, and made a hit with the natives as well as with visitors to the southern city.

The monster hat is 12 feet long and a head higher than the tallest of the pretty girls that stood on its gigantic brim. It was driven through the streets of the city as the chief exhibit in the Carnival Night parade which was a sort of curtain raiser for a big show, which included championship power boat races, tennis and wrestling matches and a royal show at which a carnival king and queen were crowned with ornamental top-pieces which were nothing at all compared with the huge derby.



WIDE WORLD

This Is Kentucky's Biggest Derby, Trimmed With University of Louisville Co-eds. It Is Twelve Feet Long and Was Used at a Louisville Festival Recently. It Is Perhaps the Biggest Derby in the World.

Sheep is Host at the Rural Garage

A GARAGEMAN on the London-Folkstone Road, at West Malling, England, is finding out that his pet sheep "Jimmie" is a potent advertisement. The tame animal, now more than 11 months old, is as friendly with customers as with his master, and has taken it upon himself to play official greeter to patrons. He competes with a terrier for the favor of customers.

Word of "Jimmie's" antics has gotten around, and many buyers stop at the garage just to see the mascot and feed him pieces of candy. "Jimmy" knows how to get the maximum amount of candy and attention and will walk right into a machine and sit down, if there is room and the owner doesn't object.

The Official Greeter of the West Malling, Kent, Garage Is This Tame 11-Month-Old Sheep, Shown Felicitating a Customer. He Is Being Helped Out by the Curious Terrier.

Plan Melons to Fit the Icebox

UNCLE SAM is at work trying to develop a watermelon that will fit in an average size icebox. His gardening experts are trying the interesting trick in the Government's vegetable breeding grounds near Charleston, South Carolina.

For many years the officials of the Bureau of Plant Industry have recognized that many of the big watermelons offered for sale in the stores all over the country are too large for the normal family. If the vegetable has to be cut in two, or in several pieces, when it is put in the refrigerator to be chilled, it loses some of its freshness and flavor. Smaller watermelons would be much more convenient and practical.

The plant experts know that they can, given time enough, grow watermelons of almost any size they desire, within certain limitations. They are not trying to discourage the growing of monster melons, because they know that there is a market for a certain volume of them. Hotels and restaurants probably will always prefer the biggest and juiciest watermelons that can be had.

It seems that there are many factors to a marketable watermelon that the average person seldom thinks about. But Uncle Sam's experts do, and so do the farmers because they want to grow the sort of watermelons that move quickly and bring the best prices.

For example, a prime watermelon has a tough, but not a thick, rind—one that doesn't bruise easily and which seals in the sweet flavor. In the effort to get this sort of watermelon, and in smaller sizes, the Government is experimenting with seeds from Asia and Africa, which may be used in cross-breeding with the best native seed.

In a few years, the "vest-pocket" watermelon may be a familiar sight in stores all over the country.

Why the Lie-Detector Isn't New

MOST people think that the highly complicated device known as the "lie detector" is an ultra-modern instrument.

But, as if to give added evidence to the old saying that there's nothing new under the sun, Dr. Joseph H. Barach, of the University of Pittsburgh's Falk Clinic, relates a story eight centuries old which, if true, reveals that a Persian medicine man thought out the basic idea. The story goes like this: In the year 1150 a young man in a Persian town fell ill of a sickness that none of the doctors in the place could diagnose. The lad had no wounds and no bruises that were apparent to the eye. He seemed sound internally.

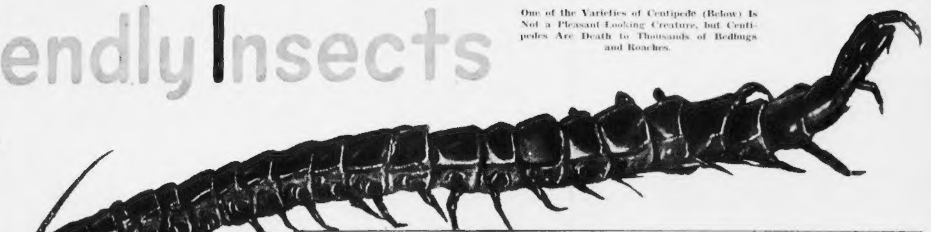
It was all very mysterious, according to the Pittsburgh scientist, until one doctor in the community sent for a fellow who knew the names of all the streets in the city. He put his hands on the young man's pulse and bade the man begin calling off the streets. At the sound of one name, there was a sharp jump in the pulse beat.

"Stop," said the doctor. "And now call off all the families who live on the street." When one particular name was spoken there was another order from the doctor. "And now," he said, "tell me if there is a pretty young girl in this household." "There is," said the man.

That fellow, in the opinion of Dr. Barach, discovered the principle of the modern "lie detector."

Killing Friendly Insects

In Exterminating the Pests Which Eat Our Food Supply Many of Man's Most Useful and Needed Helpers in Fields and Gardens Are Destroyed



One of the Varieties of Centipede (Below) Is Not a Pleasant-Looking Creature, but Centipedes Are Death to Thousands of Bedbugs and Roaches.

KEYSTONE

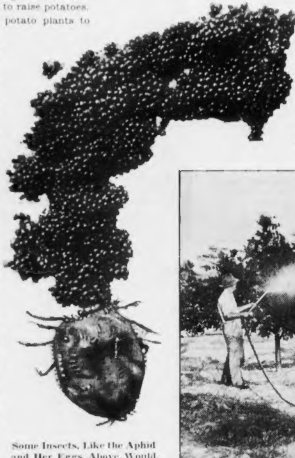
Farmers Spraying Poison Dust Over a Field May Kill Some Particular Insect Enemy, but at the Same Time They May Destroy Thousands of Other Insect Allies.

The Pied Piper of Hamelin Ridded the Town of Rats, but Then, the Legend Says, He Also Ridded It of Children, and Now Scientists Fear That Some of the Warfare Waged Today Against Insect Pests May Be Doing More Harm Than Good.

EVERY method known to science is used in man's warfare against the insect pests which destroy much of his food supply. Vast death-dealing clouds roll over the fields and electric traps kill thousands of bugs and worms in an hour, while mechanical devices crush other millions into shapeless dust. Flame throwers are also used, and of late deadly microbes have been sprayed over insect habitations. But now science is disturbed because in the wholesale spraying of poison gases and other methods of destruction many insects are killed which are very valuable to mankind.

Man, himself, is responsible for some of the insect pests which torment him. The destroying of the natural cover of forests or prairies which nature once maintained has disturbed the insect population of the world perhaps more than it has changed the human population. The common potato-bug, for example, once was a sparse and unimportant creature, a few thousands or millions of which were scattered in various places in the Western States, living on native wild plants—the potato-bugs were probably happy and contented. Nor would they do anybody any harm, until farmers came along, cut down the wild plants and began to raise potatoes.

Finding these new potato plants to their liking, the potato-bugs moved in, multiplied into uncountable billions and proceeded to wipe out the farmers' potatoes. The farmers retaliated with clouds of poison dust, waves of burning kerosene and other ways to dispossess the insect armies. But the battle still rages.



Some Insects, Like the Aphid and Her Eggs, Above, Would, If Unmolested by Other Insects, Produce a Family in a Single Season That Would Weigh Five Times as Much as the Entire Human Population of the World.

Unfortunately, what the farmers do to kill dangerous insects such as the potato-bug, may result in much less desirable effects, even from the human point of view. Experts in the science of insects are beginning to wake up to the fact that not all insects are villains or even accidental trespassers on man's preserves. Some insects are among man's most useful and necessary helpers.

KEYSTONE

Liquid Sprays Often Used Instead of Dusts May Also Destroy Millions of the Farmers' Little Insect Friends.

Like an army whose artillery gets the wrong range and kills its own allies, the trouble is that the farmers' eagerness to burn, slaughter and destroy the insect hosts too often decimates instead the insect allies which should be preserved. At the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Dr. Edith M. Patch, entomologist at the University of Maine, rose in meeting to protest that indiscriminate killing of all kinds of insects is a dangerous policy.

Perhaps the live-and-let-live idea cannot be applied between man and the insect world if human agriculture is to continue. But at least, pains can be taken to decide which kinds of insects shall be killed, and to make certain that useful kinds do not get involved accidentally in the holocaust.

It is fortunate that not even the best efforts of the insect poisoners run any real chance of producing a world in which all the insects have died. If this could happen it is probable that man soon would perish too, if for no other reason than for lack of food.

Not all food plants require the aid of insects in their development, but many of them do; especially the fruits. The flowers of most kinds of fruit trees need to be fertilized before the fruit will develop; something usually accomplished by taking grains of pollen from the flowers on one tree and transferring these pollen grains to flowers on another tree. Sometimes this is done by wind but for many kinds of fruit the means of transfer is the multitude of insects which visit one flower after another in search of honey. An example of how important this is and of how intricate may be the balance which Nature maintains between creatures of different kinds developed during one of the "mouse years" in England.

Once in a while in most countries the population of field mice, usually not very plentiful, suddenly increases, for some reason which scientists still do not thoroughly understand. Several years ago in California, so many field mice appeared one season that they stopped automobile traffic on some of the affected roads. In every such "mouse year" in the English dairy country, the milk supply becomes poor in quality, a circumstance the causes of which show the complicated links often existing between Nature's apparently unrelated effects.

The first thing that happens in a "mouse year" is that the unusual number of mice run out of food. When this happens, the starving mice attack and eat the bumble bees whose nests usually are in the ground among the grass. So soon as this happens there are fewer bumble bees to fertilize the year's crop of clover. Accordingly, the clover flowers yield little seed and the amount of clover produced decreases. This means poorer pasture for the cattle and a lower grade of milk.

Whenever this happens, British dairy farmers apply a simple remedy. They import a shock batallion of hungry cats. The cats eat the superfluous mice, the remaining mice let the bumble bees alone, clover is fertilized again and everything gets back to normal; one instance in which man, without especially intending it, does something useful to the insects instead of something harmful.

In addition to the value of bees and many other insects in fertilizing useful plants, some insects also assist the cultivation of the soil. One such is the curious beetle called the tumble-bug, which stands on its head and pushes around balls of straw and other vegetable or animal debris sometimes several times larger than itself. These balls are intended as food for the next generation of tumble-bugs, after these hatch out deep down in a burrow in the soil. Soil experts believe that the activity of the tumble-bugs in digging these burrows and burying vegetable or animal material at their bottoms, may be a substantial help to soil fertility, just as is the activity of earthworms in digging, loosening and improving the surrounding soil.

Another little-known assistance of insects to human affairs is the work of the myriad insects, mostly small and inconspicuous, which live in the layer of dead leaves, moss and other debris covering the soil of a forest. Every year, millions of tons of dead leaves and twigs fall off the trees of the world's forests and accumulate underneath. If nothing disposed of all this litter the forests soon would be choked out, no other plants could grow. Human lives would be enormously disturbed if not made impossible. To prevent this, billions of invisible creatures are at work all the time in this layer of forest mould, converting the individual leaves and twigs into simple chemicals which can be washed down into the soil or set free in the air and which plants or animals then can use.

According to Mr. Arthur Jacot of the Appalachian Forest Experiment Station, this clean-up process is aided enormously by millions of tiny, almost invisible, insects which also live at different levels in this 4-inch or 5-inch layer of material under the trees, like human denisons in some gigantic, widespread skyscraper.

Other useful insects are those that kill weeds or keep them in check, as has been proved in recent years by experience with the cactus plants in Australia. When a few cactus plants from North America carelessly were introduced into the Australian continent no one was especially alarmed. That turned out to be a false security, for within a few years the cactus plants had spread so widely that millions of acres of good Australian farm land were ruined. In North America and Central America, the cactus does no harm. In Australia it promptly became a major agricultural pest.

Seeking the reason for this sudden change, botanists became convinced that some invisible enemy which kept the North American cacti in subjection must be missing in Australia. This enemy they suspected, was some kind of insect. Sure enough, experts located in Central America an insect related to the aphids or plant lice. Several million living eggs of this insect were collected, shipped to Australia and distributed over fields infested with cactus. Presently the eggs hatched, the young aphids emerged and got to work on their cactus hosts. This was only a few years ago. Already, the growing armies, of insects have worked such havoc on the cactus plants that a large part of the fields once useless have been reclaimed for agriculture.

All these uses of individual insects are dwarfed, however, by the services of some kinds of insects as defending soldiers, to keep predatory hordes of other insects in check.

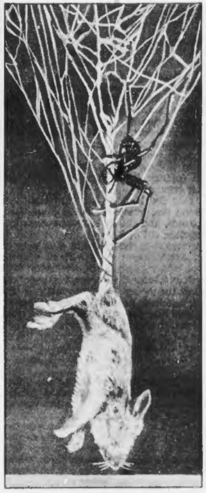
Among man's greatest allies in this direction are the dragon flies. It is a strange twist of the facts that so many people regard these fast-flying, beautiful insects as dangerous. Stories of their acting as "snake doctors" to lead venomous reptiles to their prey or as "devil's darning needles" to take stitches in the hides of unwary humans, exist in the folklore of almost every nation. In fact, the dragon flies do no harm whatsoever to man or any of his works.

Instead, they save him from millions of mosquito bites and gnat bites. In most countries where there are swamps or other areas of stagnant water, there are times when human life becomes almost unendurable because of vast hordes of mosquitoes or gnats. Such insects have been known to drive herds of cattle or wild animals completely out of the infested country. Like the occasional "mouse plagues," such gnat plagues or mosquito plagues may be due to any one of many upsets of Nature's delicate balance, but probably they most often are due to something having happened to the defending dragon flies.

Years ago when the Mormon pioneers had just settled in the valley of the Great Salt Lake, in Utah, a plague of insects since called "Mormon crickets" appeared suddenly and began eating everything in the Mormon farmers' fields. Starvation threatened the colony, since in those days it would have been impossible to import food from elsewhere. Just when things seemed most desperate, there appeared from Great Salt Lake a flock of gulls. Falling eagerly on the horde of crickets, the birds soon disposed of them and saved the Mormons' crops. Commemorating this incident a statue to the sea gulls still stands in Salt Lake City. And any community occasionally plagued by gnats or mosquitoes but not entirely driven out by these insects, might quite as justly build a monument to the protective dragon flies.

In households women may have fair-sized fits if they see, lurking somewhere about, house centipedes or the smaller many-legged insects called silver fish. A centipede is not a household companion pleasant to look at, but his activities are more desirable than his appearance. Most of his working day of many hours, never limited by Union rules or legislation, goes into seeking out and devouring the eggs and young individuals of insects which most housewives would regard as still less desirable than the centipedes. Among these are cockroaches and bedbugs.

About the life activities of the silver fish less is known than about those of the centipede, but there is reason to believe that eggs of other undesirable insects also fall a prey to this creature; an interesting one not only because of its present-day habits, but because some experts in evolution believe the silver fish to be a reasonably direct descendant of some of the earliest creatures to get dissatisfied with life in the ocean and begin the fateful migration ashore.



Spiders, Ordinarily Harmless to Man, Often Kill Pests Far More Dangerous and Bigger Than Themselves.

Most housewives who pride themselves that their premises are free from bedbugs probably ascribe this happy condition mostly to their own efforts in keeping everything clean and keeping bugs at bay. No one denies that these efforts are important, yet it also is true that probably no possible human effort would be successful in keeping wooden houses completely bugless, were it not for the assistance of other bedbug fighters among the insects, such as the house centipede, certain kinds of household ants and even the much despised cockroach.

A kind of small spider common in Greece also is a great bedbug fighter; so much so that introduction of this spider into other countries has been suggested. Major E. E. Austen, distinguished British entomologist, has suggested that the gradually lessening numbers of bedbugs in the world may be because various natural enemies of these insects are catching up with them. As a parasite of man, bedbugs got free transportation over most of the world. In many of these new

(Continued on Page 21)

Coronation Scotland Yard's Biggest Job

IN EVERY community, there is inevitably an element that gathers around wealth like vultures around a battlefield. The more wealth is gathered in one place, the more of these human birds of prey will be there.

Accordingly, there flocked to the flag-waving furore of the Coronation thousands of criminals, great and small, who happened to be out of jail at the time. The job of the police was to keep out the foreign vultures and the domestic ones under control.

With what great odds the police had to contend in keeping the peace is only now being made known, because many of the preparations had to be kept secret in order not to forewarn the law-breakers into hiding their tracks.

First and foremost, of course, were the king and queen and queen mother, who had to be protected for miles along the processional route from stray bombs and other hostile gestures. It was likewise essential to preserve the safety of all the other royal and political personages.

Scotland Yard men had to keep watch as well over the brilliant display of jewelry which was such a prominent feature of the Coronation, and to which, as may well be imagined, the eyes of many a modern Raffles were irresistibly drawn. Not only royal heirlooms, but foreign wealth as well, had to have painstaking watchers.

Crowds have always been the pickpocket's delight, for he can move among the jostling citizens and not be noticed while he plunders pockets and purses. The frenzied mobs at the Coronation were therefore at the complete mercy of pilferers, unless the police anticipated them.

This in itself was no easy job, but that was not the end to it. There was the risk of panics, riots and pressure against the police cordons, in which many might be crippled and killed.

As was reported at the time, the responsibility for the well-being of foreign rulers and visitors rested squarely upon the shoulders of a somewhat anxious Commissioner of Police, Sir Philip Game. Under him were more than 22,000 men, all devoted to the task of keeping order.

The danger of foreign thieves and assassins was largely averted by a rigid double-check of all passports and papers at the ports of England, so that thousands of hopeful crooks were unsuccessful in their attempts to get into the country.

All the Rough and Immoral Joints Had to Be Closed Up, So There Was Many a Raid Before the Coronation, Not the Least Being That on the Notorious "Billie's Club."

What helped the Yard men in this was the fact that reports were constantly being received from foreign police on the movements of known criminals and suspicious characters. In Europe there is a careful check of such movements, accomplished largely through the help of hotels and landlords, obliged by law to report arrivals, departures, etc.

At the same time, assistance was provided by official foreign guards assigned to protect foreign diplomats and nobility during the trip. These guards, informed of the situation in their own country, helped the Yard police in identifying and tracing criminals.

It was the home front about which the Yard men had to worry the most. Every seat purchaser had to be watched carefully during the parade, and even suspicious characters could not be kept altogether out of the way.

The right of habeas corpus, sacred to the English people, makes it unlawful to arrest any person without a definite charge and without bringing him before a judge on that charge within twenty-four hours. In France, for instance, it is customary to follow the theory that "prevention is the best cure." All known criminals are rounded up and jailed until an affair is over, and then they are allowed to go free.

But as was pointed out at the time, such precautions are not especially effective anyway. The assassination of Yugoslavia's King Alexander and the French Foreign Minister, Louis Barthou, at Marseilles, happened in spite of such a policy.

But perhaps the greatest problem of all for the police was how to "clean up" the moral dangers of wicked "joints" in the West End of London before the Coronation visitors could enter them to be fleeced and blackmailed.

Many of these vice dens had been preparing for a golden harvest for months. One had arranged to hold "strip shows" for wealthy audiences of no more than a dozen men at a time. After midnight the performance would begin behind bolted doors, and a fully dressed girl, under a bright light, almost within reach of the audience, would slowly remove her garments from her slim figure.

With the right password, one could also see movies at various places in Soho, so vile that the proprietor would go to jail for five years if caught. There were dance halls which did a thriving business by renting out hostesses for an evening, and others which persuaded girls from the provinces to enter the white-slave profession.

All these "joints" had to be closed up. The "innocents abroad" might find the desire to see London night life irresistible, and so lose their money and self-respect in these dives.

Not least of these pre-Coronation raids was that on Billie's Club, on Little Denmark Street West, which resulted in the trial of thirty-seven defendants, more than a dozen of whom were sentenced for aiding and abetting Billie Joyce, a night club queen, in keeping a disgusting den.

The severe penalties imposed, and the publicity attending this and later raids caused many of the "vultures" to close up or operate on so much less an ambitious scale that they escaped detection. It is believed that as a result of the raids, few visitors had the chance to be corrupted while they were in London. But it is certain that nobody at Scotland Yard is sorry that it's all over.

Turned The Cruel Bridegroom's Jest Into A Double Funeral

WHEN Helena Crane, an 18-year-old orphan, recently entered her husband's home in her bridal gown, nobody suspected that it would prove to be her shroud. Yet only a few hours elapsed between her entrance as a living bride and her exit as a dead widow. Such was the sad ending of one of the saddest, most loveless marriages ever chronicled in Cyprus, an obscure British island in the Mediterranean. It was this very island that the Greeks once dedicated to Venus, goddess of love.

The noise of the gun was answered by silence as the slender, pathetic young girl plunged dead to the floor. The servants in the mansion came running, but they were too late. Martin Zafferi, their employer, was dead, stabbed with his own family dagger. Their new mistress lay likewise dead, shot in the temple, the gun still in her hand.

A note, scrawled by the unhappy girl before she took her life, bared the tragic circumstances. Her father was English and her mother Greek; a good child, she was cast into poverty and despair by her father's sudden death and the suicide of her mother who could not face life without the man she loved.

The last of her father's money went for the mother's funeral, and a pompous old gentleman named Zafferi, who was her father's banker, offered to take care of the funeral arrangements. The confused girl accepted gratefully; she had nobody else in the world to turn to. She was surprised that a funeral cost as much as Zafferi said, but she was too innocent to be wary.

As a result, when the banker said there was no money left to support her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Heliokoscos, poor Helena was panic-stricken. She could not find work, for she was not trained in any occupation, and because of her loveliness, men would not hire her without whispering wanton demands.

Zafferi, Drunk and Cruel, Lunged Forward, and Was Met by a Sharp Blade Instead of the Expected Kisses. He Died on the Bridal Bed as the Girl Fled.

Harassed by creditors and unable to buy even the bare necessities of life, the girl turned to the banker for advice. This suave gentleman told her that if she would marry him, he would settle a large amount of money on her grandparents, enough to take care of them comfortably for the rest of their days.

Helena accepted his offer in spite of her natural repugnance to the soft old man, because she believed that her only duty lay in providing for her relatives. It was a heart-breaking sacrifice for the girl, for she was still of the age when she expected momentarily that a romantic lover would come riding over the green hills and rescue her.

But days passed, her dream prince did not arrive, and the wedding preparations progressd only too smoothly. It was all very well in the Greek classic for Penelope, wife of Odysseus, to put off her suitors by unraveling at night the tapestry whose completion meant she would have to marry again. But at least, Penelope could call her castle her own.

Helena Crane was penniless and in immediate peril of having no home at all; there was nothing to do but to give in to the insistent banker. What made things worse was a difference in religion between them; but Helena had made her decision, and even this barrier did not away her from her purpose.

The marriage was a quiet one; Zafferi had few friends, and besides he had no intention of publicizing the fact that he had taken advantage of the helpless girl. After the ceremony, Zafferi brought her to his home, and she entered it on his arm, leaning not so much in affection as in the weakness of fear. Expensive furniture and rare ornaments met her eyes; the carpets were deep and soft, the draperies luxurious.

Everything was magnificent as Helena had never dreamed anything could be. It seemed too good to be true; yet she was not happy. By entering the door of that house it seemed to her she had shut herself off from everything worthwhile. In exchange for her unselfish sacrifice there appeared to be nothing but a lifetime of gloom awaiting her.

Perhaps it was a premonition. That night, at a banquet for just the two of them, with liveried servants bringing roasts and champagne, caviar and sweets, she timidly spoke of her grandparents, who she knew were that moment hungry at home.

To her amazement her husband roared with laughter, for he had already had too much to drink. He was not able to stop laughing, it all seemed such a good joke to him. No, he said, they would never get a penny. Smoothly he explained that what she saw as a duty was not duty at all, but just foolishness.

Helena's world toppled about her, but she said nothing. Everything was at an end for her, and what good was it to weep? She had sacrificed all, and gained nothing. Her bargain was in vain, and all her forebodings were justified.

Soon after dinner she was ushered by a pretty maid to her bridal chamber. It was a charming feminine room, but on the wall, in sharp contrast, hung an heirloom that fascinated her. It was a dagger, hundreds of years old, which in its time must have silenced many hearts.

She snatched it from the ornate sheath and found it clean and sharp to the touch. Then she undressed herself and crept into her wedding bed, and waited there, shivering like a fearful kitten. At last Zafferi came in, breathing heavily. He was too drunk to notice the dagger missing from the wall.

He lunged forward and was met, not with soft kisses but a sharp blade. He died on his bridal bed, but he lay there alone. Helena ran from the room, terrified at the thing she had done. But her thoughts were still of her grandparents, and so she searched through the dressing table for money. There her hands, as if directed by fate, found a revolver. She drew away from it in terror.

But there was no money anywhere in the room; perhaps, she thought, her search would be more fruitful in other rooms of the mansion; but to her dismay the door was locked.

The key, she then realized, was in the pocket of Zafferi's crimson dressing gown, where she dared not search for it. Even in death his sneering features inspired fear in the timid girl, though she knew he could no longer harm her. Alarmed by what she thought were footsteps she hurried back to the table for the gun.

Fearful that the shame of her act might hound her grandparents to quick death she scribbled a suicide note, telling her part in the dreadful affair, and begging the world not to regard her too harshly. Then, with the gun, she drew into the farthest corner of the room and shot herself in the temple.

There is, however, one piece of poetic justice about the tragedy which shocked the people of Cyprus. By local law the entire fortune of the banker was inherited by his young wife, because she outlived him by a few minutes. From her it passed to her grandparents, and so they are now amply cared for, just as Helena wished.

Why Summer Born Baby Has A Better Chance To Live

"SHOULD I have my child at once?" many a June bride has asked herself, without knowing the answer. Now science seems to show that it is not a good idea. The chances of a baby living past childhood have just been found to depend on whether it is born in Summer or Winter. March is hardly the best month for a blessed event, for it is now known that more Winter-born babies die and more Summer-born babies live.

This startling revelation has been made, not by some fake astrologist, but by the British Registrar-General, whose report, based on the birth statistics of his country, recently appeared in the Statistical Review of England.

As a matter of fact, an astrologer would have lacked the conviction to make such a statement, for death in infancy has always been one of the things that "medical astrologers" have had trouble to figure out. The uncertainty of the horoscopists is best summed up in the English handbook, "Raphael's Medical Astrology."

Referring to child deaths, it says, "the subject is one of some difficulty, and every care is necessary to take into consideration every factor connected with the subject at issue, for much contradiction exists, and cases are known where children have lived under severe affliction in the horoscope, while others have died under very minor indications. Hence the student will find that frequently it is a matter which requires very delicate handling." It adds, "as to the time when a child not fated to live to maturity will die, no very definite rules can be given."

But now science has solved what stumped the astrologers by gazing not at the stars but at the statistical records. It was found that of Winter-born babies, eighty-nine in each thousand die before reaching the age of two years, whereas in the same length of time, only seventy-five Summer-born babies in each thousand die.

This difference does not seem serious until it is applied to populations. If about as many babies are born in each season, and if the records of recent years hold good for all years, it would mean that about 28,000 more Summer-born than Winter-born persons are alive in London.

Spring and Fall are compromises between the extremes, registering more deaths than Summer and fewer than Winter. But it is to be expected, since Fall is more like Winter, that more Fall than Spring children die soon after birth. In each thousand born in the Fall, eighty-two died; in each thousand born in the Spring, seventy-seven died.

It's a deadly handicap for a baby to have to face the most severe season of the year when it is most helpless and weak. That is why a Winter-born is fourteen per cent more likely to die than a Summer-born, during the first year; and no less than forty-two per cent more likely to die during the second year.

The figures point to a "new astrology" of science, one which concedes that the birth date has definite effects on health and character, but which makes it clear that this is so because at different seasons an infant's experience varies in weather, disease, food and vitamins.

Since more Winter babies die, it is plain that fewer of them ever live to be successful. It has also been suggested that the Winter infants which die most easily are the very ones for whom distinction in the arts might have been possible because of their unrobust nature. Many a future poet may have died because he was out of season. However, Winter babies that stay alive may be stronger and healthier because the real weaklings among them have been killed off.

To be sure, the findings are not absolute for each individual case; they only show a general trend. But the trend is regarded as significant.

Judge's Plain Opinion That Sizzled Court

IT IS rare for a judge in the courts to throw off his solemn cloak of legal verbiage and talk straight from the shoulder in simple language that anybody can understand. But at last a judge has revealed his thought by being angry enough when he rendered his opinion to call a spade a spade. His dignity gave way to indignation, so that he handed down recently one of the most frank and "human" opinions ever delivered from the bench.

The case which has thus stirred Justice Glenn Terrell, of the Supreme Court of Florida, to speak his mind involves an artist and draftsman from New Jersey. Some years ago the obscure Victor A. Searles woke up to find himself rich—he had inherited an estate valued at millions of dollars.

He went to Palm Beach to "shoot the works." First he bought himself a luxurious oceanside villa, with all the trimmings. Then he bought a mile of ocean-front land in an expensive and swanky section of Palm Beach County in Florida. He planned to develop this valuable strip of property, and began the Mizner Land Corporation for the purpose. The land came to be known as "Mizner Mile."

Searles took partners into his company in exchange for their agreement to develop the land, but after a while he changed his mind about them, started a new corporation, paid off his partners, and arranged to have the law firm of Abbott and Gaulden of West Palm Beach handle these and other affairs. He even contracted to pay Abbott an annual salary for his full-time services, and Abbott fulfilled the contract for three years, when it was dissolved.

Searles spent money hand over fist. Women in particular soon found out his philosophy, so that he found himself not so much with women as with the sting of them. The "balm" necessary to relieve their sting was plenty of cash.

Searles' "bosom friend" and lawyer, Abbott, finally found him a customer who was ready to pay $650,000 cash for the Mizner Mile. The sale was made, but then Searles howled that he could not afford to pay his lawyer the amount their contract called for. He paid Abbott far less than was due, and Abbott's law partner then sued. In response, Searles alleged that the lawyers had practiced fraud and deceit in their dealings with him, and had exceeded their powers.

Searles Spent His Wealth With a Reckless Hand and Soon Discovered That Getting Rid of His Fair Acquaintances Was More Expensive Than Cultivating Them.

The controversy became more and more technical, complicated, and expensive. One decision and appeal after another caused more than 2,000 pages of testimony and findings to accumulate; it was beginning to be a snarl that seemed to have no end.

The findings of Special Masters, or referees as they are called in many States, conflicted in the Mizner Mile case. A master is usually a retired judge who takes testimony and comes to a conclusion to guide the courts without too much of their time being taken up on trifles.

But on one thing the master and the judge agreed. Both found that no fraud or deceit had been practiced against Searles, since he discussed the contract with his lawyer, knew what was in it, made his own corrections, and testified that he regarded it as a bargain. Reviewing all this, and waxing angry, Judge Terrell wrote that he didn't see that Searles was to be pitied at all.

"The record discloses that Searles was well past middle life when he inherited his fortune," wrote Justice Terrell in his decision. "He had never had anything more than a meager living and was without business inclination.

"When he induced Abbott to give up his practice and devote his entire time to his (Searles') business, he considered Mizner Mile to be worth one and one-half million dollars, and he possessed himself of four corporations that were involved in litigation and other complications. He had taken a plunge into high society and was supporting four harems on which he was wasting his substance; he had also acquired a young wife who, with a boy friend, was giving him a merry chase over the county and was suing him for divorce.

"There was a suit for libel pending against him. John Wanamaker was suing him for a store account of $5,000 made by one of his women friends; another concubine had lodged a charge involving child parentage against him, and a third was under indictment in the Federal Court for selling liquor. He had suits pending in Palm Beach County to cancel tax assessments. He was having trouble with his former trustee and there was a suit pending against him in New York involving attorney's fees in the matter of the settlement of his inheritance.

"He was involved in other personal and legal complications that we refrain from relating. If this was not provocation sufficient to demand the full time of a good lawyer, it would be difficult to imagine a situation that would.

"Summarized, the record presents a pathetic picture of the modern prodigal wasting his substance. Like the run of the mine man who evolves abruptly from shine to champagne by means that he had no part in creating he settled in a far country and commenced to cackle.

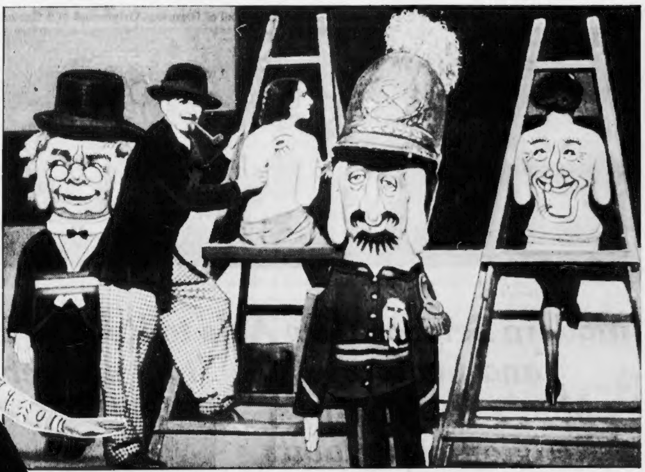
"His companions gathered about him eager to do him obeisance. He was eager to impress them with his great wealth and they were as eager to help separate him from it. While the revelry was on, thinking in modest terms was cast to the discard, and as his substance dissipated, the husks began to rumble in his belly and he cried to the courts to aid him.

"His cry can avail him little against a showing that he wasted voluntarily, no one deceived him or practiced fraud on him and he does not plead idiocy."

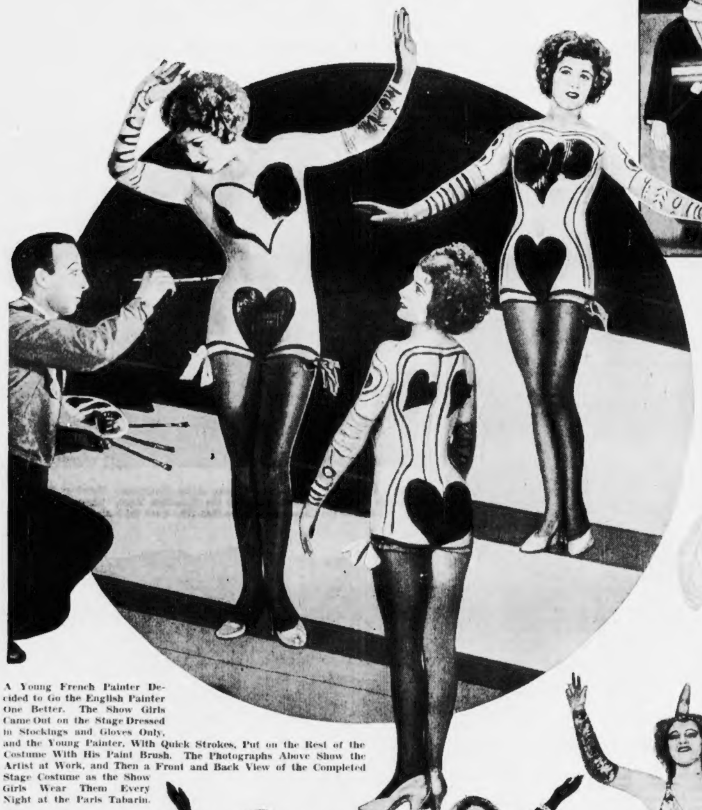
Plain speaking by a judge who knew how to use words everybody can understand instead of the usual legal lingo.

Painted Costumes Instead of "Strip Tease" Acts

London's Stage Novelty of Show Girls With Faces Painted on Their Backs Now Outdone by a Paris Act Where the Costumes Are Painted on the Girls



It Was the Artist, "Choppy," in the London Casino, Who Worked Out the Scheme of Painting Grotesque Features on the Show Girls' Backs.



A Young French Painter Decided to Go the English Painter One Better. The Show Girls Came Out on the Stage Dressed in Stockings and Gloves Only, and the Young Painter, With Quick Strokes, Put on the Rest of the Costume With His Paint Brush. The Photographs Above Show the Artist at Work, and Then a Front and Back View of the Completed Stage Costume as the Show Girls Wear Them Every Night at the Paris Tabarin.

A Grotesque Costume at the Paris Tabarin Supposed to Represent "The Book Moth."

Two Girls Dressed in One Dress in the Butterfly Dance at the Paris Tabarin. This Ingenious Act Is Called on the Program "The Pretty Siamese Twins."

This Young Dancer Wears a Costume Resembling a Fish, and the Movements in Her Dance Suggest a Swimming Fish.

WHEN readers of The American Weekly were recently shown how respectable London was being amused by a new kind of "strip tease" at the Casino, they were perhaps surprised that such a cautious metropolis should have stolen a march on gay Paree in a matter so close to the Gallic heart.

It was, in fact, a cause of anguish among the Parisian purveyors of entertainment, who upbraided their novelty creators and "gagmen" for having been caught napping. Here was a golden opportunity they had allowed to slip from their grasp; such a simple device, but so successful.

The girls were made "two-faced" by painting their backs in such a way that they could "make faces" backwards as well as forwards. But whereas the girls could make up their natural faces, it took an artist to make up their backs. As the top picture on this page shows, the girls would be seated on the easels with their backs to the audience, which a painter then used as his "canvas" on which to produce new faces.

These painted grimaces would come alive as soon as they were done, for by the mere device of twitching a few muscles, the girls could make the eyebrows lift, the ears flap, the nose wiggle and the eyes roll. What annoyed the Frenchmen most of all was that the artist in charge of these delectable paintings was dressed like a French painter, goatee, felt hat and all.

It was a direct steal from the Bohemian tradition, and not at all honorable of the inventors, or so the Bohemians thought. The "idea hunters" for the Paris night clubs were told to get busy to find some variation of the British stunt that would be just as good and perhaps even more entertaining, without being too plainly borrowed from the English.

It would never do to let the serious-minded people across the Channel get the idea that they could rival Paris in matters of frivolity. As The American Weekly pointed out in a recent page on the painted backs novelty at the London Casino, the artist was able to draw not any old face, but caricatures of prominent social and political figures on those chorus girls' backs.

At last, at the Paris Tabarin, the answer to the British stunt was hit upon the other day, and the proprietors have been turning crowds away from the door ever since, so popular has their show become. The Tabarin has brought the reputation for novelty dancing right back to its rightful home.

Paint faces on the upper part of girls? Pouf, they would even paint clothes over the backs and chests—in fact, over the entire anatomy. As the circled picture shows, the Frenchmen found no need for easels; they were out to do an all-around job, and weren't stopping at the back. The girls in the dressing-room are, first of all, instructed to dress up in all the clothes they will need, and this consists of a pair of dancing slippers, a pair of sheer silk stockings, two silk garters to hold the stockings up, and a pair of gloves.

As for the rest of the costume, it is dispensed with. From gloves to stockings not a stitch is worn. Then the young French painter goes about filling in with paint such parts of the figures as need "retouching" in order to achieve the balance and harmony that clothes are supposed to bring to the rather uninteresting sameness of the body. This is done by painting in "hearts" of various colors in various places.

The painter is shown at work on one of the girls, and the heart which is to be her frontispiece is shown only partly filled in. He wields his brush in quick strokes, and a few minutes later the same girl stands completed, even to having a frame for her hearts.

A back view of the same girl indicates how completely she is surrounded by hearts. It is, for her, a vital organ indeed, because it is the only thing she has with which to cover up her embarrassment. It can be seen that the shapes are painted in strategic places, so that the muscles of the body can be used to move them at will. In this way the Paris audiences are able to see no fewer than five hearts on each girl, all of them palpitating at the same time.

Such visible heartthrobs are expected to convince one that these girls are affectionate and sincere. It takes training to manipulate these hearts properly, to keep them from "galloping," and to keep them moving in rhythm to the music more demurely.

The "Queen of Hearts," as the leading lady is billed, has become so adept at her dance that she can enact the entire course of tragic love, from the first faint flutter of the heart, through passionate fulfillment, the heart-break at betrayal, and the heartache that finally is ended in death. Then the rest of the girls come out, dressed, or, rather, painted, in identical costumes.

The show has other striking features as well, not least of which is the grotesque "Book-Moth," who can be seen descending a ramp of steps that look like big books. The head of the girl is hidden by feathers, while most of the rest of the body can be seen. The clever artist, apparently impressed by the resemblance of grass skirts to beards, provided the girl with tights that look like a beard, while the eyes are somewhat bulging and absent-minded, just as one might expect a serious old book-moth to appear.

The "butterfly twins" have also appealed to the pleasure seekers of the Eiffel Tower city. Finding the former French enthusiasm for stage twins waning, the wide-awake Paris Tabarin presented twins in a single costume. It is a delicate and unifying robe, indicating the gentle balance of Siamese twins as being similar to the wings of a butterfly joined neatly together. As the two move back and forth, dressed in the single dress, the wings of the butterfly seem to open and close, and a slow, rhythmical dance is the result.

A "fish dance" has also been added, in which the performer wears a costume showing enough of the body to sacrifice few of its curves. The pink flesh gives the "fish" a convincing and live effect, so that the graceful motions suggest a mermaid from the Seine River. In order to play the part, this chorine studied the movements of fish at the aquarium, and her costume is carefully matched with the colors of tropical fish. But the hit of the show is the "Ballet of the Hearts," which is done without costume at all.

The girls troop out, clicking their French-heeled shoes as they come, but not accompanied by the rustle of skirts for the simple reason that they haven't any skirts. The spotlight is played upon them as they do a routine dance, so well-timed that it can be truly said that their many hearts seem to beat as one. They parade these "targets of Cupid" before the ogling guests, whose eyes are like arrows following the movements of the dancers.

It is predicted that the audiences will soon tire of the new spectacle that has been provided for the Parisian night owls, because there is not as much opportunity for variety with hearts, as there was at the London Casino with "faces." But, of course, what is expected to happen then, and the proprietors are already preparing for this emergency, is that the "hearts" will be replaced by "flowers," and all sorts of similar subjects.

There is no limit to the things that can be painted, because the imagination of an artist is never at rest and always finds new ideas to portray. Another problem is the girls themselves, who do not mind the unique costumes in which they have to dance, but who are most of them of the ticklish kind. They can hardly hold themselves still when the painter wields his brush, it is almost a torture to them and they are demanding that some other method of applying the paint be used.

There is a possibility that the paint will be sprayed on, with specially made pumps that will do away with the necessity for brushes. But even such painting will need retouching, to make the shapes more clearly defined and to prevent the "hearts" from looking like blots. Of course, a special kind of paint is being used, because ordinary paint is not only difficult to remove from the body, but some paints, as for example gilt, may be poisonous when applied to the skin in any considerable quantity.

Some of the girls have solved the problem of their "giggles" while their bodies are being made up by not bothering to remove the makeup at all after the performance. They simply put on their clothes and go home, but it must be a startling experience for the husbands of those who have them to see them painted up like African savages.

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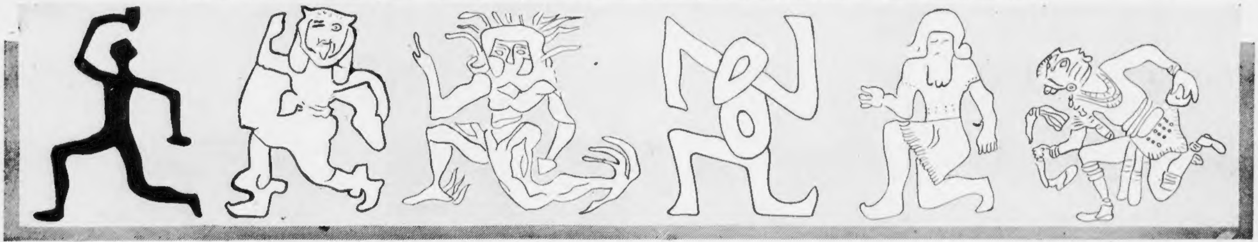
Caveman's Life Revealed by His Rock Pictures

How the "Swastika," National Symbol of Germany, Originated in a Caveman Drawing and the Motif as Found in Various Parts of the World.



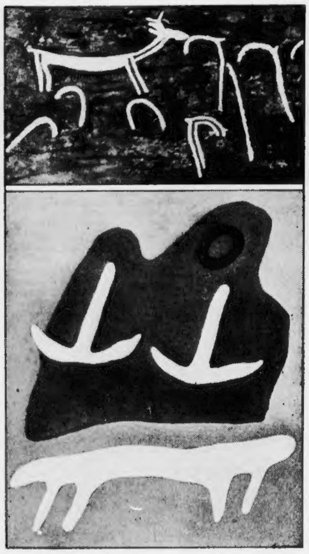
Rock Engraving From Camonica Valley, Italy. Bronze Figure Found in Greece. Assyrian Seal Cylinder. Trimming on a Schango Leather Wallet From Joruba, West Africa. Basalt Relief in Karkemish, Capadocia. Shell Engraving Found in Kentucky.

Modern Science Now Able to Read in His Paintings and Sculptures the Story of Prehistoric Man's Wanderings, Religion and Habits

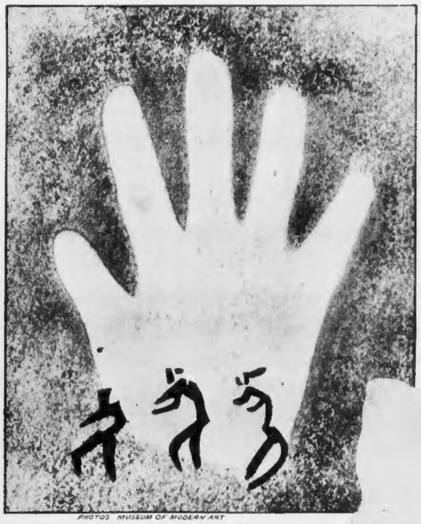
AT the Museum of Modern Art, in New York City, Professor Leo Frobenius exhibited 150 reproductions of prehistoric art, carved on cliffs and rocks or painted in caves by men of the old stone age. Most everyone at the exhibit saw at once that here was the source from which the dada-surrealists and other freak artists of modern times drew their weird "inspiration."

Professor Frobenius has devoted his life to the study of prehistoric art; the Frobenius Collection at Frankfort-on-Main is the most famous of its kind in the world, but his reputation as the leading authority on the subject is due to his discoveries in Africa, proving the correctness of his theory that the art developed by the caveman during the last Ice Age was too great to have died with the passing of the ice sheet, as everyone had supposed, but must have slowly dwindled, decayed and degenerated somewhere.

On cliffs of the unexplored Atlas Mountains, under the sands of the Sahara Desert and the black depths of long-forgotten African caves, he traced the slow decay of that splendid culture to its last pitiful vestiges among the Congo "pygmies" of today. Professor Frobenius points out that modern freak artists have not imitated prehistoric art at its best which was during the last Ice Age, but in its later decadent stages. This decadent product is commonly called "primitive," which is incorrect. It should be called degenerate because it is a feeble imitation of a previous, superior art which was the real primitive. In other words the art cycle has fallen so low among some cults that its products would have excited the contempt of the shaggy-haired men who lived 30,000 years ago.

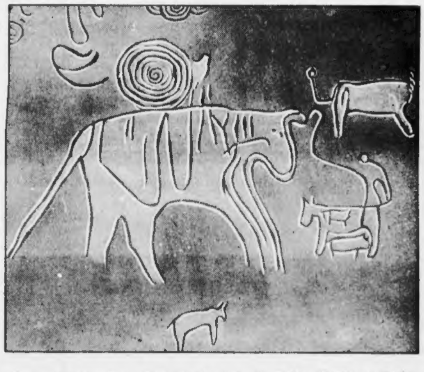


On the Top Is a Rock Engraving Discovered at Vingen, Norway, Showing an Animal and Human Figures. The Human Figures Look Like Symbols From Which Probably the Letters of the Alphabet Were Evolved. On the Bottom Is a Modern Painting by the Artist Arp, Entitled "Mountain, Table, Anchors, Navel." The Similarity of the Two Paintings Is Striking. But the Modern Artist's Work Is More Crude and Primitive Than the Stone-Age Artist's Engraving.

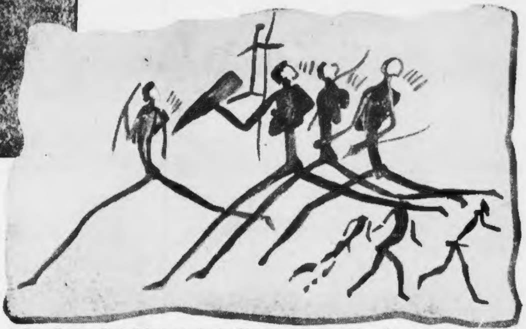


PHOTOS MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

The Mysterious "Handprint" Design, Usually Occurring in the Spearmen Caves, Was Found Among Levant Rock Paintings at Wadi Sora in the Libyan Desert. The Hand With the Three Figures Probably Represents a Religious Belief.



Rock Engraving From Oued Cheria, Atlas Mountains, Showing Animals, Spirals and Other Magic Signs of the Spearmen Race. These Old-Timers Lived at the Same Time as the Men Who Used the Bow and Arrow.



A Scene From a Rock Painting in the Joachim Cave, South Africa, Representing the Levant School of the Ancient Art. This Shows the Tall and Swift Running Figures of Men With Bow and Arrow Running After Their Prey—Quite Different From the Spearmen Who Made Pictures Only of Animals and Magic Signs.

Running through the last Ice Age which lasted some 30,000 years and ended not less than 10,000 to 15,000 years ago, two very different schools of art developed apparently without the slightest influence on each other. This seems to have been because they belonged to two different races of people and though the hunters of both must have met, fought, fraternized and perhaps even viewed some of the specimens of the other's art, probably rarely if ever did this happen to one of the artists of the diluvian period, as the Ice Age is called.

The two schools are known as the francocantabrian and the levant. The francocantabrian was the product of a race that hunted with the spear and were painters of animals in their natural colors on the walls of caves. Animals such as bison, reindeer, mammoths, wild horses, cave bears and lions were done with such skill and painstaking fidelity, that they were true portraits. The work was done not in the part of the caves where the men lived—which was at the entrance—but in the most remote and inaccessible chambers, an impracticable sort of art gallery for the public; but this work was not for the public.

The artists did not bother much with human beings because they did not see any profit in it. This art was done for strictly practical reasons, what would be called commercial art work today. It had to do with magic, the portraits being made as part of a ceremony which was supposed to cause the real animals to fall victims of the hunters and also, what was equally important, to prevent the spirits of the slaughtered creatures from taking revenge on the men who had killed them.

The chill of the Ice Age is supposed to have forced man to live in caves and use the warm furs of the animals for clothes. But the levant races apparently did not go in so much for cave life. They used the bow and arrow, were a taller, thinner, more agile race than the francocantabrian and more heavily clothed. Their ideals were quickness, agility and above all fleetness of foot. Armed with the bow, if they could, by a burst of speed, get alongside a herd of animals long enough to shoot arrows into several of them, they could follow the trail of blood until the wounded ones fell and were an easy prey. The francocantabrians, being spearmen, had to work more by ambush and pitfall, where speed was not so important.

The levant artists were also able to make good animal portraits when they chose but they gave that part little attention, confining themselves mostly to the things they worshiped, speed and action. Hunters with bow in hand are seen dashing about with prodigiously long strides in pursuit of the game. The men depicted were not portraits of anyone who ever lived but of the ideal of that race, an impossibly tall, thin person with preposterously long, spidery legs.

These action groups were engraved mostly on cliffs and on flat surfaces of rocks, in the open, sometimes also painted in one or more colors. Many of those jobs were longer and harder than the painting of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. The levant artists had only flint chisels, they had to work suspended by rawhide ropes or perched uncomfortably on ladders which were no more than a tree chopped down painfully with stone axes and placed against the cliff, with the branches for rungs. Such difficult and dangerous work was not art for art's sake but, like the francocantabrian, commercial and based on hunting magic.

These two schools of art are considered evidence of a remarkable prehistoric fact. If for many thousand years a race of bowmen existed alongside of a race of spearmen, both hunters and therefore possible rivals, it must mean that they got along without anything like a war between the races.

Had such a war started, it seems almost certain that the fleet-footed levant race with their long-range weapon would have wiped out the slow-footed spearmen with their short-range weapon, unless these learned to use the bow before it was too late. But they did not or it would have been reflected in their art.

Not only would the francocantabrians have drawn the bow and arrow on their cave walls but they would have turned their magic against their human enemy and we would see today portraits of the levant men and exactly what diluvial man looked like. It seems that thousands of years before the dawn of history, men knew something they have since forgotten, that war does not pay.

That cave paintings existed was known, but until the early nineties the scientific world concluded that the two schools of art had grown, flourished and seemingly died with the last Ice Age. One person, Frobenius, declined to believe that such an old and great art culture had come to an abrupt end with the ice.

He said little but he reasoned that when the changing climate made conditions unfavorable for hunting where they lived, these two great races would not placidly starve but move to some more favorable location taking their magic and their art with them. This, he thought, would be in Africa, where the melting ice, filling the air with moisture, had caused such abundant rains that the present desert area of the Sahara was a hunter's paradise.

In Northern Africa these immigrants would have set their artists to work making magic pictures and sculpture, until the ice finished melting, the air dried out and the rains in Northern Africa ceased, causing the barren sands to spread to their present area.

Professor Frobenius had the happiness of proving his theories not only by finding the art of the two schools in a great number of places but he was able to trace how the schools changed and in some cases merged but slowly and steadily degenerated. Most interesting of all he found some of the remnants of the art and the magic for which it was the vehicle, still being made and practiced, a kind of living fossil. Mr. Douglas C. Fox, for many years one of the professor's assistants, writes:

"On his earlier expeditions and in the course of the five years he spent in the Soudan he encountered, time and again, customs and beliefs which reminded him very forcibly of the Ice Age cultures. He found people who first drew and then shot at pictures of animals before setting out on the chase; he found others who tried to persuade the animals they had slain that they were not dead.

"If they had killed an antelope, they made a clay model of it and then covered the model with the dead beast's hide. These images corresponded to and, to a certain extent, explained the so-called clay 'idols' found in the caves of Southern France. The result of all these expeditions was a gallery on canvas of more than 3,000 facsimiles of prehistoric art."

From this prehistoric art and magic can be traced the African Voodoo belief that sticking pins into an image of an enemy will make him die, also the somewhat hypocritical custom of not speaking evil of the dead no matter how evil they may have been. Among other things Prof. Frobenius has traced the figure of a running man, drawn in the Ice Age, through various developments in Africa, Asia and Europe to the modern Swastika emblem.

In Mtoko Cave, Southern Rhodesia, was found a painting of elephants, quagga and antelopes being hunted by human figures in an animated scene of considerable interest. The artistic talent in this has dropped far below the work of diluvian painters but is still a long way above that of Kandinsky's "light picture" produced in 1913.

In the Libyan desert were found three queerly-shaped human figures, walking past the dim representation of a giant hand. Nobody alive knows what that symbol meant. Possibly it was a dim, prehistoric foreshadowing of the hand of God or of the Trinity. But decadent though it is, compared with Ice Age art, that prehistoric painter had a long way to degenerate before he would have turned out anything so crude as the modern artist Arp's "Two Heads," painted in 1927.

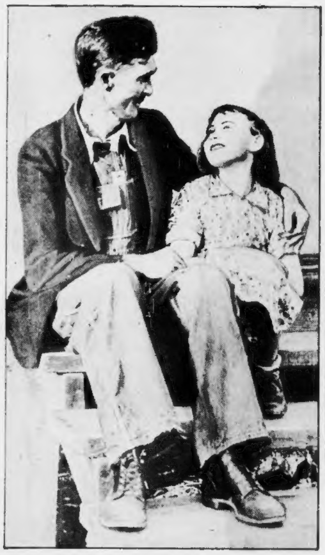
To find anything as childish as Arp's "Mountain, Table, Anchors and Navel," unveiled to the world in 1925, one searches the prehistoric art of Africa in vain. However, on a ledge in Vingen, Norway, is its equal or even worse, what appears to be a horse surrounded by marks that may represent human beings or sacrificial axes. The stone age lasted very late in Norway and it would seem that the last of its artists there must have degenerated as low as the worst modern.

Prehistoric man had no metal except such gold nuggets as he found in the streams; but in Rhodesia were found paintings which have a peculiar line and grace that could have been used to advantage in wrought iron work and would compare favorably with meaningless modern metal objects offered as "works of art," such as the well-known "bird in space."

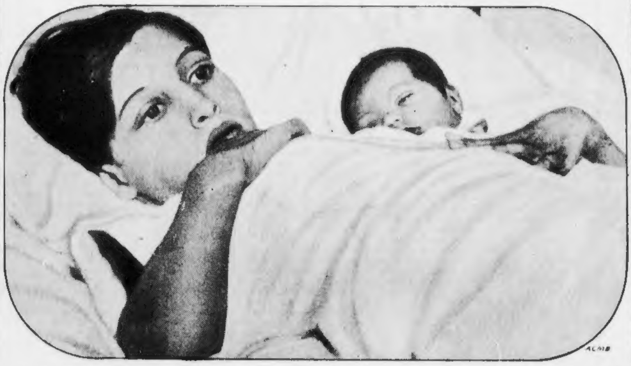
In the Atlas Mountains, north of the Sahara, was found a rock engraving of a man about to shoot an arrow at an ostrich while behind the man stands a woman with upraised arms. This would be meaningless if it were not still the custom in parts of Africa for wives at home to hold their arms up, by resting the elbows on something, in order to give their husbands luck in hunting.

Distressing Problem of American Child Brides

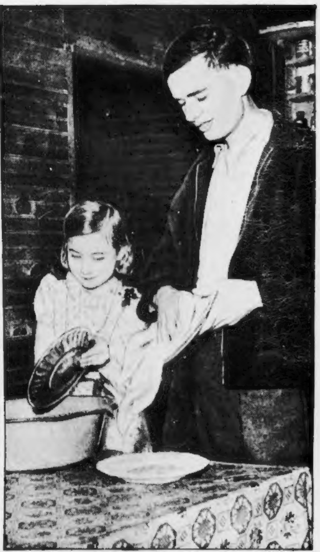
The Nation-Wide Epidemic of Youthful Marriages Which Bewilders Parents and Harasses School Officials and Other Authorities, While Psychologists Search for an Explanation



Twice Her Size and Almost Three Times Her Age, 33-Year-Old Homer Peels, a Tennessee Mountaineer, Cuddles His Pitiful Little 12-Year-Old Bride, Geneva Hamby. Homer Was Arrested Under a New Law Making 16 the Legal Age for Marriage in Tennessee.



Probably the Youngest American Mother, This Little Girl, Who Lives in the Great Smoky Mountain region of East Tennessee, was Only 11 When Her Child Was Born.



The Marriage of 22-Year-Old Charlie Johns to the Youngest American Bride on Record, 9-Year-Old Eunice Winstead, Shown by His Side, Shocked Tennessee Into Passing a New Law Forbidding Such Marriages.

Mary Thompson Keller, of Birmingham, Alabama, Who Was Married at 11, Is Shown Here With Her Two Children. The Second Was Born Before She Was 13.

Another 14-Year-Old Mother, Mrs. Daniel Gonzales, of New York.

Little Dorothy Taylor Halsell, an Unwilling Bride of 11, Whose Father Made Her Marry a 67-Year-Old Neighbor in Exchange for His 14-Year-Old Daughter.

Ellen Pauline Mullins, of Fort Worth, Texas, Who Became a Mother at 14.

THE recent epidemic of child marriages around the country is a curious phenomenon the psychologists have not yet explained. And the problems some of these little schoolgirl wives have raised for local authorities are fantastic.

Nobody down in the Tennessee mountains, which have been attracting a lot of attention lately because of child marriages, is much concerned about compulsory education. But that's a serious matter in New Jersey, and not long ago little 14-year-old Margaret Waldron, of Newark, discovered how serious it is.

Margaret did not mean to be troublesome. She just felt that she was grown up, and it made her mad to have mean old truant officers snooping around whenever she decided to spend the day window shopping or going to the movies, and madder still when her parents locked her in her room every time she played hookey.

Eunice Winstead was only nine when she got married to 22-year-old Charlie Johns, down in Tennessee, but Margaret having reached the mature age of fourteen, thought she had all the schooling she would ever need. Besides, she had a beau, 18-year-old Leroy Steinbach, a house painter, who had been asking her to marry him for over a year.

So when her mother locked her in her room the third time in one week, that settled it. Such an indignity for a woman of her age was too much, and after picking the lock with a hairpin, she rushed over to Leroy and said:

"Come on, let's do it."

They eloped to Elkton, Maryland, but when Margaret got back to Newark she found out that a marriage certificate is not a valid excuse for staying away from school in New Jersey. The school superintendent put his foot right down. The law said children had to go to school until they were sixteen. Furthermore, just because Margaret was now a wife, she could not write her own excuses when she missed a day from school, or get her husband to write them, and if she played hookey the truant officers would get after her, just the same.

Margaret was ready to burst into tears, but she was still more unhappy when the wedded pair arrived back at her husband's bachelor apartment and she saw the dirty dishes piled up in the sink and dust all over the place. That was when she discovered the unpleasant fact that marriage itself is just another kind of schooling, because her bridegroom handed her a broom and a box of washing powder, and indicated that the brief honeymoon was over by telling her gently and firmly to get to work.

She wasn't prepared for this. It was too much like being sent to the blackboard when she didn't know her lesson, and it looked as if she had jumped from the frying pan into the fire. So she fell back on her old habit of playing hookey, and ran away.

When the school superintendent heard about it, he was more troubled than ever. If she was all that willful, they would have to hire more truant officers, or they'd never keep her in school. Then it occurred to him that maybe it would be a demoralizing influence to the other girls to have a bride in their classroom. So the authorities finally decided that with all the real home work Margaret would have to do, one day a week would probably be enough regular schooling for her, and maybe it would be best if she just went once a week to a special training class called a "continuation" school. When they found Margaret and told her about it, she apparently concluded that two places from which to play hookey occasionally were better than one, and went back to her husband.

After all the agitation over the marriage of nine-year-old Eunice Winstead, who seems to be the youngest bride on record in this country, the Tennessee Legislature passed a law making sixteen the minimum age for marriages. And the other day the authorities in Tennessee made the first arrest under the new law, charging 33-year-old Homer Peels with giving little Geneva Hamby's age as 18 when he got a license to marry her. The girl was raised in an orphanage, and her mother had long been supposed to be dead, but after the ceremony she appeared from nobody knew where and announced that Geneva was only 12.

The epidemic of child marriages is not centered in any particular part of the country, and recent cases have been reported from Massachusetts, New York, Virginia, Florida, Washington, California and Ohio. There are more than 4,000 married girls under the age of 15 in the United States. Many of these children are mothers.

Perhaps the two youngest mothers are Mary Thompson, of Birmingham, Alabama, and the pathetic little girl shown near the top of this page, who lives in the Great Smoky Mountains region of East Tennessee. The little Tennessee girl was only 11 years old when she became a mother, but since she was not a wife, authorities have withheld her name.

Mary Thompson had just passed her eleventh birthday when she was married to 25-year-old Truman Keller, who first saw her one day while she was playing hopscotch. Her first child was born before she was twelve, and the second came a few months ago, just after she was thirteen.

Two other young wives who recently became mothers are Ellen Pauline Mullins, of Fort Worth, Texas, and Mrs. Daniel Gonzales, of New York. They were only fourteen when their babies were born.

One of the most shocking cases in recent years was in the "scrub-oak district" of Seminole County, Oklahoma. Jim Taylor, who was 52, swapped his 11-year-old daughter, Dorothy, to his best friend, J. T. Halsell, in exchange for Halsell's 14-year-old daughter, Cary. After a double ceremony, the two couples went on a joint-honeymoon, all four sleeping in the same tent. But Taylor, at least, must have felt remorseful for what he had done, for a few weeks later he killed himself by putting rat poison in his coffee.

Down in Bradenton, Florida, the authorities are now investigating another case which they regard as particularly distressing. The bridegroom is Chandler L. Revell, 57 years old, a grandfather, and was formerly the foreman of a crate mill, and the bride is Martha Nell North, the 12-year-old daughter of one of the men who worked in the mill.

Revell was boarding at the North home, and, according to Martha Nell, he offered to buy her a bicycle and "lacy clothes" if she would marry him. When she refused, it is charged, he threatened to fire the father, who then made her marry Revell. After the wedding night she ran away to her older sister, who started annulment proceedings. Martha's mother and father tried to get a warrant charging the older daughter with kidnaping, but the judge said Martha had evidently left voluntarily. Martha says nothing on earth could make her live with Revell, and if they send her back she will run away again, and keep running away—but she will apparently be spared that trouble. The foreman has since lost his job, and seems to have disappeared.

A problem of another sort came up recently in Plainfield, New Jersey, after 15-year-old Elsa Soentgerath ran away and married 20-year-old George Schmidt, an automobile mechanic. A few months later, according to Elsa's parents, the girl came home in tears and said George had lost his job and had returned her wedding ring because it wasn't paid for.

Perhaps reasoning that a bride without a wedding ring is not really a wife, the parents tried to have the marriage annulled, but they discovered that New Jersey has an odd law on this subject. The judge told them that in New Jersey the marriage of a girl who is under age cannot be annulled unless the application is made by the girl herself. But there is an old rule of law that minors cannot bring suits under their own names, so in New Jersey a minor girl who wants to have her marriage annulled has to wait until she is 18. But Elsa did not want an annulment, anyway, and has gone back to her husband.

The Rev. Mr. Howard Pressley, a 17-year-old Holiness preacher, of Charlotte, North Carolina, and his identical twin brother, Hiram Pressley, have both married 14-year-old girls. Howard married Elizabeth Chandler about a year ago, and the other day Hiram followed his example by marrying Elizabeth Wheeler.

In Perry, Oklahoma, the two young daughters of Mrs. Mary West had a double wedding. Opal married 38-year-old John Lawrence Burns, and Jewellen married 35-year-old Howard Carter. Later, the authorities arrested Mrs. West and son-in-law Burns, charging them with perjury when they gave the ages of the two girls as 15 and 17, when they are really only 12 and 14. After her arrest, Mrs West went on a hunger strike, and finally the charges against her were dropped and she was released, on condition, it was reported, that she turn State's evidence against Burns and also file suit to have the younger daughter's marriage annulled. The officials seem to have decided not to interfere with the other daughter's marriage.

The authorities in Poughkeepsie, New York, also had a problem on their hands when 15-year-old Margaret Plass married 21-year-old Webster Wilbur. They finally put her in the custody of her parents, ordered her to go back to school and placed her on two years probation, threatening to send her to a reform school if she returned to Webster.

Equally disturbed were the authorities in Seattle, Washington, when they learned that youthful Delta Palmer had married John Lee Menefield, a 38-year-old Negro. School records show she is 14, but her parents claim she is 18.

Married at 11, divorced at 16, is the unhappy record of Dolly Mae Russek, a Florida child. At the divorce hearing the girl testified that her 59-year-old husband had whipped her with a switch and a shingle when she did not feel like working. Russek said he didn't.

But perhaps the most ominous note in this whole situation is the item that has come from Salt Lake City. High school pupils in that community have recently formed a new club, and they called it the "Association Okeying Child Marriages All Over the United States."

Your cigarette line reads...

And there's a wealth of good things in store for you

—their Mildness *is refreshing and their* Better Taste *and more* Pleasing Aroma *give* Chesterfield *smokers everything they could ask for*

Copyright 1937, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

People "Show Off" Even When Killing Themselves

A Strange Urge for Drama and Sometimes a Jealous Desire for Revenge Cause Some Men and Women to Stage Spectacular Suicides in Public or Kill Themselves in a Sweetheart's Apartment

"Jack, did you ever hear a shot over the telephone?" This Was the Message Received by Jack White While He Was Having Dinner With a Mr. [illegible] The Seriousness of the Voice of His Wife [illegible] Caused Him to Hang Up the Receiver and Dash Home [illegible] His Wife on the Floor With a Bullet in Her [illegible]

Attractive Helen [illegible] Whose Suicide in a Fashionable New York Apartment Coincided With the Arrival of Several Hundred Members of the Smart Set at a Non-Existent Cocktail Party in the Same Building, the Result of an Unfortunate Hoax

Mrs. Hale Holden, Jr., Socially Prominent Philadelphia Woman Who Hanged Herself in Her Husband's Bathroom

Mlle. Alice Cocea, the Popular French Actress Who Watched the Sweetheart She Had Spurned Blow His Brains Out for Revenge

The Young Baroness Frederick von Sydow, Killed by Her Husband a Moment Before He Killed Himself in Front of the Horrified Eyes of the Dozen Guests He Had Invited to a Gay Party

M[illegible]

DUST—Mankin

Strange Discoveries About the Invisi
Corner of the Earth, Which Sometin
Without Dust the World Woul
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If the Atmosphere Contained No Dust Particles to Scatter the Blazing Rays of the Sun the Earth Would Rotate Under a Perpetual Band of Cloudbursts Circling the Globe at the Sunset Line, Where the Moist, Heated Air Would Suddenly Condense Into a Deluge as It Passed Into the Cold Shadow of Night.

In Broad Daylight or After the Theatre in the Evening, at All Hours of Day and Night, the Continuous Rain of Star Dust Falls in City and Country and in the Ocean, but Nobody Sees or Notices It.

DUST is a nuisance, a pest to the housewife and yet without dust we would live in a dreary world; if, indeed, mankind could live at all

Some people climb mountain tops, expand their lungs and imagine they have escaped "the dust and dirt" of the world below and others suppose that an ocean voyage is dust free, but dust is everywhere, in mid-ocean, at the North and South Poles and even the highest reaches of the stratosphere.

While scientists agree that dust is not only a nuisance but a menace sickening and killing millions each year, yet they know that it is a necessary evil, without which man could not maintain his present civilization or ever have attained it, perhaps have existed at all

Without dust there would be no rain in the form of drops but ruinous cloudbursts at sunset, washing everything into the oceans, giving little chance for vegetation. Without much vegetation there would have been few animals and little or no coal, on which modern civilization is based.

Science now realizes that dust is a matter of such profound importance to mankind and in so many different ways, that the matter is being studied with great earnestness in laboratories all over the world.

Almost every person and thing contributes to the dust in the atmosphere; 50,000 tons of star dust fall to the earth every day which nobody sees. When an American flapper shakes her bobbed head in the rumble seat of a car, she would be surprised to hear that she had dandruff anyhow and still more so to know that some from that headshake may be among the particles wiped from a Chinese Mandarin's tea tray

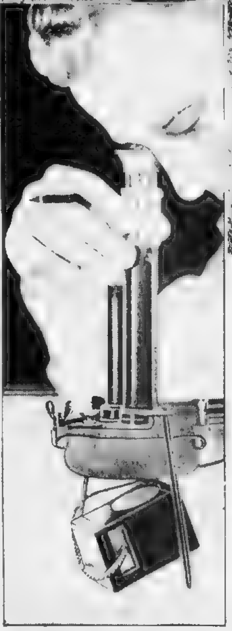
The Mandarin would be surprised too but would soon forget it in amazement at the history of the other particles if he could only read it. These might include a grain from the fossil bone of a creature that died 10,000,000 years ago, the dandruff from a Bengal tiger, a scale from a cobra, a fleck of salt from the ocean, a bit of penguin's feather from the Antarctic, a few molecules from an ant that got stepped on in the Argentine, a few from the bone of a deep sea monster cast up on the beach a century ago, a bit of rubber from a Scotchman's bicycle, a fragment of a cannon cracker, that had been manufactured in the Mandarin's home town but shipped to the United States and exploded at the last Fourth of July. To list everything that might possibly be represented on that tray, would be to list almost everything in the world, though, of course the great majority of the dust particles would be of local origin

To look at her who would suppose that the dainty cat is constantly shedding dandruff particles into the air? Many a hay-fever sufferer knows it and proves it by weeping and sneezing if he enters a room where pussy has been. The late President Coolidge was susceptible to horse dandruff so much so that it might well have ruined his public career had he risen to eminence in an age where one had to go places right behind a horse

Even the ocean gives off dust. When the waves [illegible] against a cliff or at sea and a high wind clips the tops from the waves, the spray is carried along until it dries, leaving very small particles of salt dust. Water vapor forming as minute crystals, like those which, packed together, form a snowflake, behave as dust and can be carried vast distances. The famous snow plume from the peak of Mount Everest is thus water dust.

In the remotest corners of the earth there is dust—there is dust on the snow-caps of the highest mountains and there is dust in the middle of the ocean. On some of these particles of dust ride disease germs which are breathed into the lungs or swallowed into the stomach. It has been pointed out by scientists that the nice, bright, breezy, sunny days may not be as healthful as the rainy days because when things are dry the wind fans up the dust and the germs, while on rainy days the droplets of water tend to keep dust on the ground. Some medical men have advised sleeping with the windows shut, especially on windy nights when the air is blowing dust particles around

Doctors performing autopsies on unidentified bodies can often tell whether the stranger was a city dweller or resident of a country district because of the appearance of his lungs. On this page are shown sketches of the lung of a clean, healthily living farmer and the black soot-filled lung of a Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, factory worker. Recently instruments have been invented for counting dust particles under a microscope and the field of vision looks like the stars in the Milky Way in the Heavens



The Newly Devised Dust Counting Apparatus by Bausch & Lomb Shows the Particles on the Field of the Microscope Like the Stars in the Milky Way.

Many people would not see what they could lose by making a deal with the Devil [illegible] take away all the dust in the universe [illegible], for keeping it out of the homes and streets. But like the man in the fable who sold his [illegible] useless shadow to Satan, he would be [illegible] to get out of the deal. Dust on the [illegible] pretty but without it in the air [illegible] the beautiful sunsets and sunrises [illegible] pass through a black sky because the [illegible] our eyes have learned to love [illegible] some of it consisting of nitrogen cry[illegible] overhead

The earth is an old dust heap [illegible] the midst of a dust nebula [illegible] up himself. That same dust which [illegible] window panes and settles on the [illegible] falling all over the planet [illegible] rich topsoil, man's greatest wealth [illegible] the ages

The dentist and jeweler every few years [illegible] up their carpet and even their [illegible] burned in order to recapture the [illegible] that has settled in them. [illegible] without gold but not without the [illegible] silently and for the most part invisible [illegible] from the sky

Some particles of dust ignominiously [illegible] from the vacuum cleaner's bag [illegible] the house, others by rubber tires [illegible] road and perhaps impregnated by [illegible] poisons. But there are likely to be [illegible] ancient beyond anything to [illegible]

One of those particles may [illegible] Egyptian slave to sneeze [illegible] the double crown before placing it on Pharaoh's head. Also, if that Pharaoh was susceptible [illegible] dust, it may with other [illegible] an attack of hay fever, hives or [illegible] had sneezed or coughed it [illegible] particle may have been caught up with [illegible] others in one of Egypt's dust storms and [illegible] deep in a sand drift of the desert [illegible] and carried around the world by a [illegible]

The house dust in Pharaoh's palace [illegible] very different from that in the ranch [illegible] Western cattle range. But if a scientist [illegible] had sampled the dust some 20 miles up in the [illegible]osphere where only the finest particles can float indefinitely, he would have found a marked difference between what hung over Pharaoh's head and now floats over the ten gallon hats of the cowboy. Not only would there now be [illegible] from a million factory chimneys, [illegible] powder [illegible]

The [illegible] part of the [illegible] would have come in the last thirty years, according to Professor S. Cyril Blacktin in his recent book, "Dust." Careful computation based on dust counting [illegible], he says, indicate that the average Englishman takes in with every breath [illegible] of particles of rubber. This is nothing compared to the American whose average breath he estimates carries into his lungs thousands of particles of rubber

Rubber dust is something brand new to animal [illegible] on this planet and since tests show that 10 per cent of all dust particles breathed in come to rest on the wet surfaces of the breathing tract to be either absorbed by the blood or coughed [illegible] there permanently like the soot dust that has coated the lungs of city dwellers, medical science is waiting with some [illegible] what effect this novelty may have [illegible]

[illegible] the microscope [illegible] canary [illegible] been [illegible] the extent of coughing them up [illegible]

[illegible] Science does not know that [illegible] things will happen but experience [illegible] unexpected and [illegible]

[illegible] working to level off the [illegible] in the [illegible] in buffet around and finally grind into powder to be picked up [illegible] way. Dropped [illegible] form it can be used [illegible] the [illegible] top soil

In the recent droughts among the Western States, these dust storms caused dust pneumonia deaths among animals and even tourists passing through [illegible]. Yet the dust that killed them was the [illegible] who travels the open road and [illegible] breathed with impunity for millions of years. It was simply an overload of what in normal amounts is harmless.

Though dust particles are so numerous that figures representing them are too big to have any meaning, they are so minute that in ordinary "clear country air" they occupy only about a millionth of the space and are invisible. The higher one ascends in the atmosphere, the smaller the dust particles are because the bigger they are, the stronger must be the air current necessary to keep them aloft. In cyclones and some hurricanes [illegible] men and even houses go flying through the air and thus temporarily get into the [illegible] of dust [illegible] but they never go very high nor stay up very long

Weight for weight, the large, heavy particles of dust are not as offensive to the lungs as the very fine ones. The big particles tend to get trapped in the nose, throat, or bronchi from which they are easily expelled. The tiniest ones are able to keep right on going into the remotest passages of the lung itself where they are only ejected with much difficulty

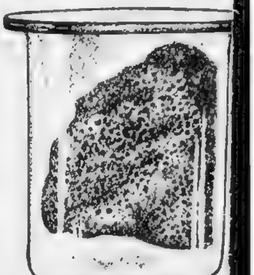
If the wind blows steadily harder and harder along a dusty road, there will come a time when suddenly little [illegible] of dust become visible. The spectator [illegible] that when the wind reaches a certain [illegible] the road. [illegible] increase of one-thirtieth

One of the wonders of ocean travel is the phenomenon of a lonesome rock or tiny coral island hundreds of miles from land yet crowned with a little grass, some scrubby brush and perhaps a tortured-looking [illegible] growing out of a few bushels of soil. [illegible] whether birds, winds or waves brought the seeds from which the vegetation sprang, forgetting the more important question of how that handful of [illegible]

[illegible] it. Part of that dust was spores [illegible] and other humble forms of vegetable life. They were able to thrive in those few [illegible] offer a foothold for further dust [illegible] plants. So a penny [illegible] up that little account until the [illegible] more

Much dust gets into the [illegible] the continents and part is deposited in the [illegible] of mud. As mud it may become dried [illegible] carried into the sky again [illegible] harden into rock and start that cycle [illegible] again. Of the dust that settles [illegible] the ocean, part is dissolved and [illegible] the various sea plants and [illegible] scopic plankton at the surface getting first [illegible] at it. Vast quantities settle down in the form of icy ooze at the bottoms of the great deeps. There

From a Photograph of a Clean, Healthy Lung of a Farmer.



The Black Soot-Filled Lung of Pittsburgh Factory Worker.

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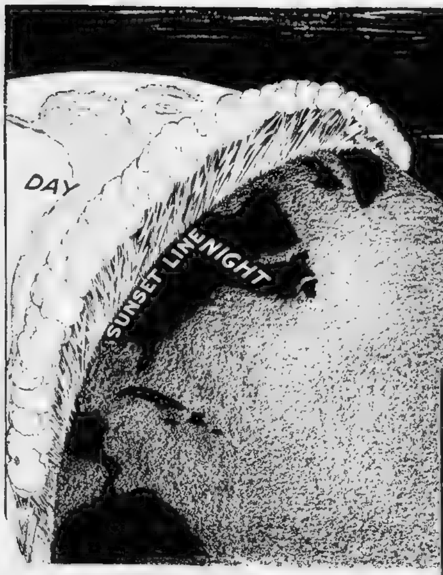

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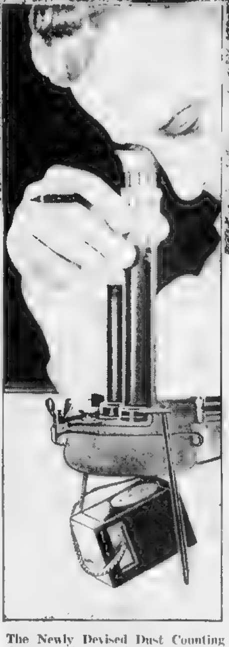

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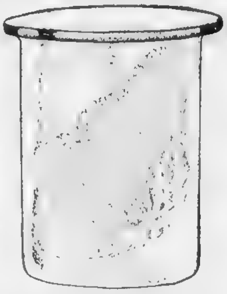

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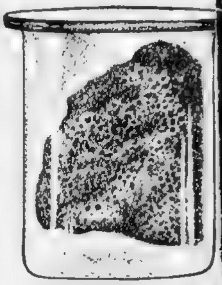

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The earth is an old dust heap and man lives in the midst of a dust nebula, much of which he kicks up himself. That same dust which dims the window panes and settles on the polished table top, falling all over the planet, forms and renews the rich topsoil, man's greatest wealth, the dust of the ages.

The dentist and jeweler every few years tear up their carpet and even their floor and have it burned in order to recapture the invisible gold dust that has settled in them. Man could get along without gold but not without this precious manna, silently and for the most part invisible, descending from the sky.

Some particles of dust ignominiously dumped from the vacuum cleaner's bag, were made right in the house, others by rubber tires on the concrete road and perhaps impregnated by lead or other poisons. But there are likely to be some that are ancient beyond anything to be seen in a museum.

One of those particles may have caused an Egyptian slave to sneeze as he dusted off the double crown before placing it on Pharaoh's head. Also, if that Pharaoh was susceptible to house dust, it may with others like it [illegible] an attack of hay fever, hives or asthma. [illegible] had sneezed or coughed it out of his system the particle may have been caught up with billions of others in one of Egypt's dust storms and buried deep in a sand drift of the desert, to be resurrected and carried around the world by a modern storm.

The house dust in Pharaoh's palace was not so very different from that in the ranch house of a Western cattle range. But if a scientist from Mars had sampled the dust some 20 miles up in the stratosphere where only the finest particles can float indefinitely, he would have found a marked difference between what hung over Pharaoh's head and now floats over the ten-gallon hats of the cowboys. Not only would there now be soot from a million factory chimneys, steamers and locomotives, but such newcomers as face powder, cigarette ash and rubber dust from the motor highways.

The largest part of the change would have come in the last thirty years, according to Professor S. Cyril Blacklin, in his recent book, "Dust." Careful computation based on dust-counting machines, he says, indicate that the average Englishman takes in with every breath hundreds of particles of rubber. This is nothing compared to the American whose average breath he estimates carries into his lungs thousands of particles of rubber.

Rubber dust is something brand new to animal life [illegible] on this planet and since tests show that 10 per cent of all dust particles breathed in come to rest on the wet surfaces of the breathing tract to be either absorbed by the blood or coughed or sneezed out or to remain there permanently like the soot dust that blackened the lungs of city dwellers, medical science is waiting with some concern to see what effect this novelty may have on the health of humanity.

It is not so much the effect of the microscopic bits of rubber which the numberless little ciliary cells of the bronchial tubes will whip from one to the other up and up until finally enough have been collected to be worth the effort of coughing them all up. These may do no more harm than the great number of other particles which caused the cave-man to greet the dawn by clearing his throat and coughing. The possibilities of trouble lie in what may be riding on that rubber chariot.

Nobody knows yet what form of microbe or virus may learn to hitch-hike its way into the body on these rubber vehicles. Science does not know that any of these things will happen but experience shows that as sure as the natural order of things is changed, a train of unexpected and undesirable things comes tumbling down on the experimenter's head, or somebody's head.

Dust is constantly working to level off the mountain peaks, at the same time filling in the valleys and the ocean beds. If no forces were counteracting it, the earth, in time, would become a perfect sphere, surrounded by a thin envelope of water, frozen at the Poles. Sun, rain and frost working at bare rocks, crack off small pieces which, in time, become degraded to a size that the wind can buffet around and finally grind into powder to be picked up and carried far away. Dropped [illegible] in this fine form it can be used by vegetation and tends to compensate for the con[illegible] erosion and the wholesale robbery by wind storms which after a severe drought strip large areas of their top soil.

In the recent droughts among the Western States, these dust storms caused dust-pneumonia deaths among animals and even tourists passing through in cars. Yet the dust that killed them was the same as everyone breaths who travels the open road and his ancestors have breathed with impunity for millions of years. It was simply an overload of what in normal amounts is harmless.

Though dust particles are so numerous that figures representing them are too big to have any meaning, they are so minute that in ordinary "clear country air" they occupy only about a trillionth of the space and are invisible. The higher one ascends in the atmosphere, the smaller the dust particles are because the bigger they are, the stronger must be the air current necessary to keep them aloft. In cyclones and some hurricanes full sized men and even houses go flying through the air and thus temporarily get into the group of dust class but they never go very high nor stay up very long.

Weight for weight, the large heavy particles of dust are not as offensive to the lungs as the very fine ones. The big particles tend to get trapped in the nose, throat or bronchial tubes from which they are easily expelled. The tiniest ones are able to keep right on going into the remotest passages of the lung itself where they are only ejected with much difficulty.

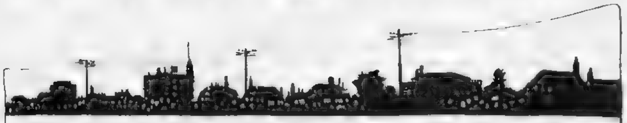
If the wind blows steadily harder and harder along a dusty road, there will come a time when suddenly little clouds of dust become visible. The spectator thinks this means that when the wind reaches a certain power it is able to raise dust from the road. The fact is that almost any stirring of the air, even by the wings of a small insect, is enough to send some dust aloft. The wind therefore is always raising some dust from that road but none of it is seen until it is able to pick up enough at one time to become visible. To cross the threshold from invisibility to visibility requires only an increase of one-thirtieth.

One of the wonders of ocean travel is the phenomenon of a lonesome rock or tiny coral island, hundreds of miles from land, yet crowned with a little grass, some scrubby brush and perhaps a tortured looking tree or two all growing out of a few bushels of [illegible] whether birds, winds or waves brought the seeds from which the vegetation [illegible] the more important question [illegible] of soil which made life p[illegible]

Part of it probably dropped [illegible] from the sky, until perhaps half a [illegible] in a crack where wind and [illegible] it. Part of that dust was [illegible] lichens, mosses and other humble forms of vegetable life. They were able to thrive in those few crumbs of soil and offer a foothold for further dust deposits and more [illegible]. So a pinch [illegible] time Nature built up that little account until the rock could hold no more.

Much dust gets into the drainage system of the continents and part is deposited in the form of mud. As mud it may become dried, pulverized and carried into the sky again as dust. Or it may harden into rock and start that cycle all over again. Of the dust that settles on the surface of the ocean, part is dissolved and appropriated by the various sea plants and animals with the microscopic plankton at the surface getting first chance at it. Vast quantities settle down in the form of icy ooze at the bottoms of the great deeps. There

People "Show Off" Even When Killing Themselves



A Strange Urge for Drama and Sometimes a Jealous Desire for Revenge Cause Some Men and Women to Stage Spectacular Suicides in Public or Kill Themselves in a Sweetheart's Apartment

Jack, did you ever hear a shot over the telephone? [illegible] This Was the Message Received by Jack White While He Was Having Dinner With a [illegible] The Seriousness of the Voice of His Wife, a Beautiful Spanish [illegible] Caused Him to Hang Up the Receiver and Rush Home [illegible] His Wife on the Floor With a Bullet [illegible]

Attractive Helen Kim Mont, Whose Suicide in a Fashionable New York Apartment Coincided With the Arrival of Several Hundred Members of the Smart Set at a Non-Existent Cocktail Party in the Same Building, the Result of an Unfortunate Hoax

Mlle. Alice Cocea, the Popular French Actress, Who Watched the Sweetheart She Had Spurned Blow His Brains Out, for Revenge

Mrs. Hoe Holden, Jr., Socially Prominent Philadelphia Woman, Who Hanged Herself in Her Husband's Bathroom

The Young Baroness Frederick von Sydow, Killed by Her Husband a Moment Before He Killed Himself in Front of the Horrified Eyes of the Dozen Guests He Had Invited to a Gay Party

M[illegible]

d's Friend and Enemy

ble Little Specks That Penetrate Every mes Bring Disease and Death, and Yet d Be a Dismal Place and Modern y Never Have Been Achieved

A Blizzard of Dirt. Photograph of Men Forcing Their Way Through a Kansas Dust Storm. The Dust Obscured the Sun and Was Heaped Along the Ground Like Loose Snow.

Microscopic Enlargements of Bacteria, Yeasts and Molds Discovered on Dust Particles. The Lower Picture Shows a Full Grown Mold with Spores at the Tops of the Stalks Which Are Easily Blown Loose by the Wind.

How the Activities of Modern Life Throw Up Into the Atmosphere Smoke, Dust and Dirt in Our Cities and Commercial Centers, Producing a Screen Like a Parasol, Which Shuts Off, Especially in Winter, the Sun's Vitalizing or "Health Rays."

The Sand, Driven by the Wind, Piled Up Against the Fences, Trees and Farm Buildings Like Snowdrifts, Smothering the Farm Crops in Several Western States.

[illegible] or a total loss to all living creatures until some volcanic upheaval in the future [illegible] accumulated treasure up to the light [illegible]. Our [illegible] may pump it up for use [illegible] exhausted soils.

[illegible] days when men fought hand to [illegible] settled in a fog of dust and [illegible] approaching enemy's dust cloud [illegible] could make out the glint of armor [illegible]. Homer speaks more [illegible] from the feet of [illegible] Dust poured up by the san- [illegible] Alexander's [illegible] the Persians and the [illegible] and even the warriors of [illegible] still be blowing around the [illegible]. Dust buried the great cities of an- [illegible] the ruins for the modern arch- [illegible]. It performed the same serv- [illegible] man's abodes, laying his [illegible] for modern eyes in [illegible] in a general way.

[illegible] with the air from the carburetor [illegible] cases for cylinders of internal [illegible] to wear out. Soviet Russia in [illegible] of some of her new factories [illegible] somebody had committed [illegible] air get into the ma- [illegible]

[illegible] to be the job of dust to seek out every [illegible] of the world and to pepper and salt with dust both live and dead, in order if possible to start some new colony of life. With startling extravagance Nature is tossing off spores of moulds, microbes and fungi, billions to be wasted for each one that will find a place to propagate. The result of this wastefulness is that if at one of the poles or mid-ocean or the Sahara Desert, some change in conditions should suddenly permit life to reproduce itself, life would immediately descend from the sky to grasp the opportunity.

When the "Discovery II" rescued the two airplane explorers Lincoln Ellsworth and Herbert Hollick-Kenyon from Little America not long ago it was reported that Ellsworth had a cold. To freeze to death at either pole is easy enough but for one of two men alone in the Antarctic to catch a cold was rather a remarkable achievement. Did they carry with them the cold virus as well as the microbes which follow the invasion of the virus or did these things descend on them from the skies?

At the other end of the world, the Eskimo who wears the same clothes next to his skin all through his long winter, never takes a bath and lives in an ice igloo ingeniously contrived to be the worst-ventilated house on earth, has no colds unless he goes south to one of the white man's settlements or fraternizes with the crew of one of his ice-bound ships. Presumably, therefore, it is fair to say that Ellsworth brought his cold infection with him and incubated it in the Antarctic, rather than to blame that cold on dust, from the sky.

Dust not only travels around and around the world but it sneaks into anything that is not hermetically sealed. One may scrub and dust a house until every surface is as clean as a dinner plate, seal every door and window and go away hoping it will stay that way, but it will not. In six months the floors and everything will be thick with dust as if the windows had been left open

Wherever a sunbeam penetrates the drawn shutters, dust motes will be seen doing their usual "devil dance." To every one of these huge visible particles there are millions of invisible small ones. Though it is somewhat of a mystery where such an enormous dust population in an empty house comes from, it is clear enough what keeps it circulating. Even when the wind does not creep in through chinks and crannies, there are currents moving most of the time caused by the sun heating the walls on one side of the house at a time. Snow on the roof will drive attic air all the way down to the basement and force warmer cellar air to climb all the way to the attic to take its place.

Not one millionth of an inch will be neglected in that still and empty house and every millionth of an inch will be visited over and over again, as is unpleasantly demonstrated often enough. If a can of meat or a jar of preserves has been left in the place and a leak, smaller than the point of a needle develops, a bubble of air will creep in, perhaps no bigger than the head of a pin, but with it will surely arrive, some microbe or yeast spore to make the contents spoil.

If the winds of the world would stop entirely and all creatures including man would go into a trance, eventually every smallest mite of dust sent up from the earth, would be pulled down again by the force of gravity. Of course this can never happen except when the world has become cold and dead. Even so, after the last grain of dust had returned to the earth and no more were being sent aloft, still dust would keep sifting down from the sky. It is estimated that every year between twenty million and four hundred million meteors strike the earth's atmosphere, become heated by friction of the atmosphere, explode into dust and work their way leisurely down to the ground.

Old Mother Earth herself is a liberal contributor, from volcanoes. When Krakatoa let go in 1883, it shot black dust clouds to a height of 17 miles and made the surrounding area as dark as night for 150 miles around. Ships 1,600 miles away had their decks laden thick with it. Scientists had no difficulty in tracing the march of the bulk of that dust cloud as it traveled around the world three times.

While the force of gravity is working night and day to pull all this terrestrial dust nebula down to earth, it has a powerful ally in the behavior of ordinary water. Every drop of rain that descends has captured and brought with it to earth at least one grain of dust. Air expands vigorously with heat and contracts with cold, treating water vapor in such a way that it has been compared to a sponge. While the air is expanding with heat it licks up water vapor from everything it passes over, but the moment cold squeezes it, the contracting air begins to let go its moisture. When this happens in a room the vapor collects and runs down the walls, windows and other solids.

Up in the sky the only solids for the squeezed-out vapor to collect on are the dust motes. Once started, more and more collects, until by the time the little bit of dust has been pulled down to earth it is often surrounded by a large and quite heavy raindrop. This slow process gets the water down on man's head in the gentle form of rain. If there were no dust to start the process with, the contracting atmosphere would simply dump the excess moisture in the form of cloudbursts, as sunset cooled the air. Man would have a tough time if he could survive at all under such conditions.

Any solid that gets into the sky is treated by air and water as a grain of dust. An airplane passing through a cloud where moisture is looking for something to fasten to, finds moisture clinging to the plane. This does no harm because the drops are shaken off as fast as they form. But hail, sleet and snow have the same habit, converting the plane into what would be a monster hailstone if ice on the ailerons did not send it down long before that.

Presumably the same thing would happen to birds, sending them crashing in a tailspin when their breast, head and wings became too heavily coated with ice to be manageable. But birds know better and come down before they have to. Pilots also know better but, unlike the birds, have to find a proper landing place, instead of perching in the top of the nearest tree.

Professor Vegard of Oslo University is responsible for the statement that the blue of the sky is due not to ordinary dust but crystals of frozen gases. These, he says, float around in layers at heights of from 10 to 100 miles. Poets and painters could probably have persuaded us that a black sky is just as lovely as a blue one and nobody would miss a golden sunset if there [illegible]. But the sun's rays burning [illegible] less atmosphere would present [illegible].

Dust acts as a huge sunshade [illegible] and vegetable from becoming [illegible] body knows what variety of injurious rays would get through to us if that protection were suddenly taken away. Everything might shrivel up in the torrid zone and life only be bearable in parts of the temperate and polar zones.

A queer and bothersome factor would be the lack of diffusion of light. On a bright sunny day one sits down near the window but not with the sun falling directly on the book. It is too bright. It is possible to read comfortably in most any part of a well windowed room. If there were no dust in the air, the undiluted sunlight coming in the window would make a sheet of paper shine with a brightness intolerable to the eye. Yet if the reader moved the book out of the direct sunlight he would move it into utter darkness except for such a light as might be reflected from the floor or some other objects outside. The world's most inventive minds would have to devise reflectors, refractors and diffusers to go in every window, diluting and scattering about the room in usable form the poisonously strong light of the sun, a job now thanklessly performed by the much-disliked dust.

Nature's sunshade is just right for man because like the rest of the animal kingdom, he has evolved to fit himself to it. In some places it wasn't quite thick enough so man had to grow a black skin to help things out. There is reason to believe that at times in the past it may have been much too thick for comfort. One of the theories to account for the ice ages is that the solar system passed through a small sample of something like the vast nebulae that the astronomers see filling vast stretches of the sky, some bright, some so

(Continued on Page 20)

Arms and the Girl

by Martin Lyle

**The Story of a Young Man Who Knew Guns.
Complete in This Issue.**

Jeremy Was So Angry He Didn't Care If He Missed 25 Straight in Front of Simon Walburn, but When He Didn't Care, He Couldn't Miss.

JEREMY FOYLE, walking down Talbot Street of an [illegible] with his dog at heel, failed, as always, [illegible] man on his way to the [illegible] pressed any oftener than [illegible] felt hat that looked as if it [illegible] shoes the color of an [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] was Rothman of Rochester [illegible] he had thus proved himself the perfect [illegible]

"We're almost on time, as usual," Jeremy said. "We['re] [illegible] three minutes late."

The dog wrinkled his nose as if considering the idea [illegible] trotted on as if he understood. And he probably did [understand] that Jeremy was [illegible]

[illegible]

CARTER & CO.

[illegible] Carter & Co. [illegible]

[illegible] Rochester [illegible] Mr. Carter's office [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] which was undoubtedly what she wanted him to feel. [illegible] she said in explanation, "that you're easy-[going] [illegible] you never will do anything."

[illegible] don't like my job?"

[illegible] and your dog! [illegible] You've always had family [illegible] brains and you haven't made any use of yourself, and you never will. And you're awfully nice—you really are!—but no woman is ever going to be proud of you."

[illegible] about $5,000 a year.

[illegible] man with that much money would do [illegible]

[illegible] Jeremy [illegible]

[illegible] she said fiercely. "You do know I don't mean [illegible] using your brains and energy—if you [illegible] accomplish something.

[illegible] like Mr. Carter [illegible]

[illegible] a slave driver? Why shouldn't he be? It's his business. He loves it. Naturally, he slaves. But he drives himself harder than he does any of the rest of us. He doesn't expect anything of us that he wouldn't do himself and doesn't do."

[illegible]

[illegible] tell me what has happened since I [illegible]," Jeremy said.

[illegible] "It's simple enough. You kissed [illegible] wanted you to or I shouldn't have let [illegible] I had to forget how much I [illegible] you [illegible] to see you as you are. And I think what [illegible] was seeing you come to work this [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] were so conventional [illegible]

[illegible] all this tonight [illegible]

[illegible] you're afraid!" Jeremy taunted her. "You're afraid [illegible] to maintain this awfully superior [illegible]

[illegible] tonight or any other time [illegible]

[illegible] Mr. Carter [illegible]

[illegible] Jeremy Foyle [illegible] Carter & Co. from the [illegible] over the world.

[illegible] that he couldn't make Carter [illegible] that [illegible] sold his guns.

[illegible] Carter & Co. [illegible] the quality of Carter guns. [illegible] with his competitors.

[illegible] to the public. He saw that if [illegible]

[illegible]

"All right," Brigid Murmured, and Turned Up Her Pretty Face to Be Kissed.

[illegible]

Continued on Page 19

"Temptations of 1937"

6 ORANGE HITS AS PRESENTED BY 6 LEADING FOOD ADVERTISERS FOR YOUR BENEFIT

1 Canada Dry Presents . . . **ORANGE GINGER ALE CUP** A toast to a new appetizer course . . . Arrange membrane-free Sunkist Orange segments in a fruit cocktail glass, add a generous dash of Sunkist Lemon juice and sugar, fill with Canada Dry Ginger Ale, serve cold—and take your bows!

2 Church & Dwight Present **COCONUT ORANGE JUMBLES** by *Martha Lee Anderson* . . . The cookie-jar triumph of the season! These are extra-good-to-eat cookies, made delicately light with Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand Baking Soda and Sunkist Orange juice. The Sunkist Orange juice and rind give irresistible flavor.

3 General Foods Presents **JELL-O ORANGE DESSERT** *by Frances Lee Barton* . . . Perhaps you heard the premiere of this recipe on Jack Benny's program. To 4 Sunkist Oranges, peeled and cut in pieces, add 1 cup sugar. Cover with 1 package of Orange Jell-O, dissolved in 1½ cups of warm water. Stir occasionally until thickened. Serve as shown.

4 National Sugar Refining Co. Presents **ORANGE AMBROSIA** *by Ellen Leslie* Like Gilbert and Sullivan operas, Orange Ambrosia always merits a revival—never was a simple dessert quite so delicious! Sunkist Orange segments (or slices) generously sprinkled with coconut and Jack Frost Powdered Sugar—that's all!

5 Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation Presents **MARVEL SALAD** *by Marye Dahnke* This popular salad makes the buffet luncheon or supper a grand success. It is made with Sunkist Oranges, bananas, walnuts, "Philadelphia" Brand Cream Cheese, lemon flavored gelatine and Sunkist Lemon juice. Recipe in free leaflet.

•

6 General Mills Presents . . . **ORANGE COFFEE CAKE** *by Betty Crocker* . . . A breakfast to remember—when Sunkist Oranges and Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour get together in delicious Orange Coffee Cake! Recipe in free leaflet. Send coupon today.

Good Looking! Good to Eat! Good for You!

Send Free Coupon for Complete Collection

JUST as the entertainment world assembles its great revues, Sunkist has collected the best new orange recipes of the year for you. Some you have seen. Some you have missed. But now *enjoy them all*—through the cooperation of the originators themselves.

These six hit recipes *and five more* are included in the free leaflet, "Temptations of 1937"—the eleven best orange recipes of the year. You can have it *and* "Sunkist Recipes for Every Day" (with over 200 additional servings) just by sending the coupon.

Oranges belong daily on your menu for vigorous health. They give you the vitamins and minerals you are most likely to neglect. Aid digestion. Build the alkaline reserve. Lessen tooth-and-gum troubles.

The wonderfully sweet and juicy California Valencia Oranges are now in season. Top quality fruit bears the trademark "Sunkist" on the skin.

SUNKIST
Presents Fresh
Orange Juice at
BREAKFAST . . .
and AGAIN AT 4

Two times [illegible] a day for vigorous health! The second glass in mid-afternoon sees you through with new energy and better spirits! Try it—note how you benefit.

Sunkist
California
Oranges

[illegible]

C[illegible]

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

L[illegible]

CHAPTER VI.

Suspicions

LINDA shook her head. "No," she said slowly. "[illegible] Professor [illegible] whoever shot Mr. Van Dyke."

"That's how I [illegible] it," Inspector Bridges [illegible]. "They [illegible] him from his club to the lawyer's office thinking he had the jewels on him. Of course they'd know if he stopped anywhere else on the way. When they [illegible] the stuff in his pockets they came here looking for it." He [illegible] about the large high-ceilinged room. "Right after the killing."

"Do you think they found anything?" Linda asked.

"Can't say." The inspector frowned. "We don't [illegible]"

I saw Linda's eyes [illegible] about the [illegible] come to rest at length upon a [illegible] table. It held a litter of [illegible] magazines, newspapers [illegible] stood an open box. [illegible] the room, helped herself to a piece of candy from it.

"Marrons," she said. [illegible]

Inspector Bridges [illegible] heard a snicker. [illegible]

"According to the [illegible] ought to find Miss [illegible] parcel inside these [illegible] Only they ain't."

"No," Linda smiled. "That would be much too simple, even for a half-baked amateur. I see you've tested them. Several of the chestnuts have been cut in two."

"[illegible] had a sweet tooth," Sergeant Olds laughed. "How about it, young fellow?" He turned to Don Robbins.

"Right," Robbins nodded. "He ate a lot of candy after the doctor cut down his smoking on account of his heart."

"The way I figure this thing," Inspector Bridges said, "whoever bumped the old man off knew Miss Claussen dropped him here late last night. It's a [illegible] he went right to bed. [illegible] this morning is to stop at his club. He didn't leave any packages there, the [illegible] say. After that he drove to Miss [illegible] office, and if you [illegible] lying he left nothing there [illegible]. So what did he do with that jewel case? The butler swears he had a box in his pocket when he left [illegible] with something inside it that rattled."

Linda helped herself to another candied chestnut, her smile was a bit malicious, I thought.

"Might I suggest, as a rank [illegible] that what Mr. Van Dyke had in his pocket [illegible] this box of [illegible] You see, I refuse to [illegible] him [illegible]"

[illegible] laugh [illegible] back to his [illegible]

[illegible]

The [illegible] seem convinced.

"And [illegible]," he grumbled [illegible] bumps [illegible] The old man [illegible] safe [illegible]

[illegible] watch.

[illegible] Before I [illegible] Corbus knows [illegible] the robbery."

[illegible]

Eva Dorrance [illegible] well. That's [illegible] the works. [illegible] slip him in [illegible] is around with [illegible] is corpus!"

"[illegible] corpus?" I asked. "[illegible]"

"[illegible] body," the inspector said, grinning.

"Well," I told him, taking Linda by the [illegible], "it's almost dinner [illegible] if we don't produce a couple of [illegible] at the theatre by seven o'clock they'll be sending one of those writs around [illegible]"

* * *

[illegible] Miss [illegible] was waiting at [illegible]

"Hello, Miss [illegible]," he ex[illegible] [illegible]

"If she isn't [illegible]" I [illegible]

[illegible]

Linda laughed at both of us. "[illegible]," she said. [illegible] their af[illegible]

[illegible] And Mr. Robbins [illegible] with nothing but [illegible]

And why [illegible] Linda [illegible] quoted [illegible] Miss [illegible]

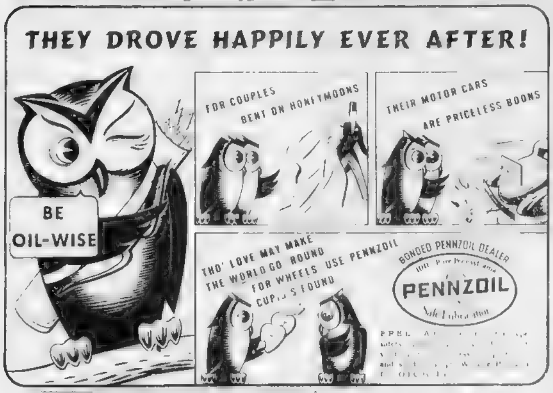
Being severely [illegible]

[illegible]

Continued on Page 18

"Dirty Wire" Restored Phone Service

T[illegible]


THEY DROVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER!
BE OIL-WISE
FOR COUPLES BENT ON HONEYMOONS
THEIR MOTOR CARS ARE PRICELESS BOONS
THO' LOVE MAY MAKE THE WORLD GO ROUND FOR WHEELS USE PENNZOIL CUPID'S FOUND
BONDED PENNZOIL DEALER
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication

FREE [illegible]

SIMONIZING—THE EASY WAY TO LASTING BEAUTY

You save so much bother and expense by Simonizing your car. It gives permanent beauty—not the here-today-and-gone-tomorrow shine you get with so-called waxes and polishes. Besides, Simonizing takes less time and effort . . . in fact, many motorists say it's easier than washing.

There isn't anything like Simoniz! A secret ingredient, found only in Simoniz, keeps dirt, weather and ultra-violet rays from dulling and destroying the lacquer or enamel. It preserves the finish and prevents fading. So the sooner you Simoniz your car, the better.

MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ

Get Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener today. Always insist on these world famous products for your car. They are sold everywhere . . . and never under any other name.

GOODBYE DANDRUFF!

The Truth About Soap Shampoos

T[illegible]

Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo

THE F. W. FITCH COMPANY, Des Moines, Iowa [illegible]

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See the New "Super-Duty" Frigidaire Prove utterly new completeness in

ALL 5 BASIC SERVICES

FOR HOME REFRIGERATION

GREATER ICE-ABILITY

Ends "Cube-Struggle" and "Ice-Famine"! *Every* ice tray is a fast freezing ALL METAL QUICKUBE TRAY with INSTANT CUBE-RELEASE! And Frigidaire also freezes more *pounds* of ice, faster . . . stores 100% more ice cubes ready for use! Most complete ICE SERVICE ever known.

GREATER STORAGE-ABILITY

New 9-Way Adjustable Interior! Goodbye to old-fashioned crowding and dish juggling. Now you get maximum shelf space *up in front*. And Full-Width Sliding Shelves, Cold Storage Tray, Super-Duty Hydrators, ALL adjust like magic to suit any size or shape of food! Most complete STORAGE SERVICE ever known.

GREATER PROTECT-ABILITY

Keeps Food Safer, Fresher, Longer! Safety-Zone Cold in food compartment—*proved* by new Food-Safety Indicator with Dial on the Door, always in sight. *Plus* MOIST Cold for vegetables.. EXTRA Cold for meats . . FREEZING Cold for ice cream and frozen desserts. Most complete PROTECTION SERVICE ever known.

GREATER DEPEND-ABILITY

5-Year Protection Plan, backed by General Motors, on Frigidaire's sealed-in mechanical unit. This, together with Frigidaire's Sealed Steel Cabinet, Special Sealed Insulation and Lifetime Porcelain or Durable Dulux exterior, all adds up to the most complete DEPEND-ABILITY ever known.

PROOF 4

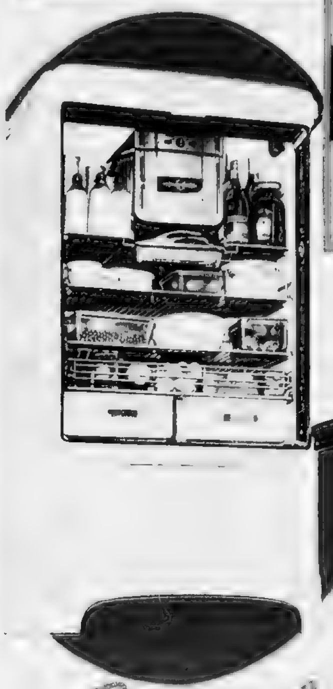
GREATER SAVE-ABILITY

ONLY FRIGIDAIRE HAS THE

Meter-Miser

CUTS CURRENT COST TO THE BONE

Meet the Meter-Miser! You see its lower operating cost *proved* by an electric meter *before you buy!* The Meter-Miser does Super Duty at an amazing saving because it's the *simplest refrigerating mechanism ever built* . . . Only 3 moving parts, *including* the motor! Saves enough on food and operating cost to pay for your Frigidaire, and pay you a profit besides!



METER-MISER Slashes Cost of Keeping Food Safer . . . Freezing More Ice . . . even in Hottest Weather!

See the Proof . . . Save Money . . . Save Regret

• You'll be money ahead for years to come, if you attend your Frigidaire Dealer's PROOF DEMONSTRATION before choosing your new refrigerator.

You'll see an accurate electric meter attached to a new "Super-Duty" Frigidaire in operation. The meter has a simplified dial which you can read instantly.

This meter PROVES BEFORE YOUR EYES that Frigidaire's exclusive cold-making unit—the miracle Meter-Miser—produces *more* cold on a mere *trickle* of electricity! Keeps food safer and freezes more ice faster, at an amazing saving . . . even during hottest weather, when many refrigerators either fail to keep safe temperatures or shoot operating cost skyward.

Only one of 5 Basic Services

Yet this GREATER SAVE-ABILITY is but one of the 5 Basic Services you must have for *complete* refrigeration in your home. And only Frigidaire gives you PROOF of ALL 5! Proof that makes ordinary refrigerators appear out of date!

For instance, you'll see Frigidaire's Proof of ICE-ABILITY never known before. It freezes more *pounds* of ice, faster . . . stores 100% more ice cubes in reserve . . . and [illegible] releases all ice trays from the freezer and all cubes from the trays!

Likewise you'll see the other BASIC SERVICES [illegible] New [illegible] Way [illegible] [illegible] of the [illegible] Food-Safety Indicator with Dial on the Door [illegible] And [illegible] Meter-Miser [illegible] current cost down [illegible] ever built!

Get PROOF of Super-Duty at Miserly Cost

Don't make the mistake of buying [illegible] refrigerator [illegible] Attend your Frigidaire Dealer's PROOF DEMONSTRATION of ALL 5 BASIC SERVICES. You'll agree it [illegible] Frigidaire the most serviceable refrigerator you have ever seen [illegible] Yet Frigidaire gives you this Super-Duty Completeness [illegible] price of an ordinary refrigerator! Truly, it's the "buy of a lifetime." FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION, General Motors Sales Corporation, Dayton, Ohio

FRIGIDAIRE . . . MADE ONLY BY GENERAL MOTORS

ONLY FRIGIDAIRE HAS THE

QUICKUBE TRAY

All-Metal for Fast Freezing!

Instantly releases the ice cubes [illegible] two or a dozen, as you need them. No more splashing under a faucet! Yields 20% more ice by ending melting waste. *Every* ice tray in every Super-Duty Frigidaire is a fast freezing ALL-METAL QUICKUBE TRAY with INSTANT CUBE-RELEASE. See PROOF of its quick, easy action at your Frigidaire Dealer's.

Buy only on Proof of Super-Duty

C[illegible] F[illegible] A[illegible] K[illegible]

Continued from Page 16

[illegible]

[illegible] anything [illegible] the [illegible] him taking the power [illegible] at half their value through some big force [illegible] and I being fixed [illegible] wouldn't have to marry [illegible]

[illegible]

What [illegible]

[illegible] sort of paper from her [illegible] the shoe Mr. [illegible] It's an exclusive apartment house on the lake front in Chicago. Ask for the [illegible] of the [illegible] find out [illegible] Arthur [illegible] what he [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] references [illegible] like to be sure [illegible] others, [illegible] several [illegible] different [illegible] Use them [illegible]

[illegible] the Idea [illegible] the Way She Fell Into His [illegible] Maybe She Might Change Her Mind About Marrying Him After All

and is a short rather distinguished-looking man with a [illegible]

"And if he's in Chicago [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] been working together [illegible] if either of [illegible] took the things [illegible] they were to be stolen and [illegible] in the past. Her part as [illegible] was to make sure by [illegible] at the jewels that [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] may be in serious danger herself."

"What do you mean?" Robbins [illegible]

Linda gave [illegible] look.

[illegible] Robbins exclaimed. "You don't think Polly's got them, do you?" [illegible] said.

[illegible] her face flushed [illegible] Mr. Van Dyke [illegible]

[illegible]

Robbins groaned. "Then you [illegible] the robbery."

"What [illegible]" Linda said again. "We know that somebody [illegible] these [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] The question is where are they now?"

"Exactly. I agree," tossing off [illegible] Now you've gone over the rest of the party so carefully, Linda, taking my suggestion is to con[illegible]

[illegible]

CHAPTER VII

Murder Repeats

W[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] to re[illegible] refused [illegible] Mrs. Van Dyke [illegible] stood [illegible] at her bedside [illegible] she has [illegible]

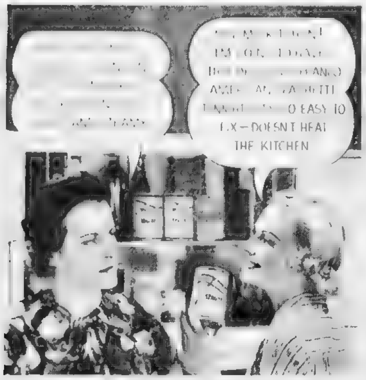
[illegible] Morris [illegible] left here [illegible] I sent word [illegible] alone. There was [illegible] other serv[illegible] Ex[illegible] this is [illegible]

[illegible] of Mrs. [illegible] I stepped back [illegible] her in such a tem[illegible] Mrs. [illegible] and the [illegible] went [illegible] Don [illegible] Van Dyke. I [illegible] she [illegible]

[illegible] Van Dyke [illegible] with [illegible]

[illegible] she had [illegible]

(Continued on Page [illegible])


[illegible] IM [illegible] TODAY [illegible] FRANCO-AMERICAN SPAGHETTI [illegible] SO EASY TO FIX—DOESN'T HEAT THE KITCHEN

HINT FOR HOT WEATHER!

Serve Delicious Nourishing *Franco-American* Spaghetti

Ready in a jiffy ... costs less than 3¢ a portion

Y[illegible]

[illegible] Franco-American [illegible] different. That [illegible]

How's this for a money saving summer meal?

[illegible]

[illegible] Salad

Buttered String Beans

[illegible]

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

FREE

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO.

[illegible]

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6 WATERPROOF PADS WITH

4 MEDICATED DISCS . . .

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RED BAKELITE LEAK PROOF CAP—4 FLUID OUNCES
HANDY
Esso
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STOP SQUEAKY HINGES
AND PREVENT NEEDLESS SQUEAKS IN THE BODY OF YOUR CAR.
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FALSE TEETH

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Safely CLEANS ALL WHITE SHOES

WILL NOT RUB OFF

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Millions now remove ugly dandruff this easy Wildroot way

[illegible]

FREE 60¢ WILDROOT INSTANT SHAMPOO

WITH PURCHASE OF WILDROOT HAIR TONIC

LIMITED TIME ONLY! [illegible] Wildroot Instant Shampoo FREE with reg[illegible] large Wildroot Hair Tonic [illegible] shampoo free with medium size [illegible] [illegible]

WILDROOT Hair Tonic

Arms and the Girl

The Story of a Young Man Who Knew Guns.

By Martin Lyle

(Continued from Page 14)

gun," he said. "Carter shotguns are no good any more."

Jeremy Foyle looked up at him in amazement. "Since when?" he asked.

"Since old Charlie Carter died."

"Who's running Carter & Co. now?" Jeremy asked.

"The receiver," the salesman informed him. He grinned. "You can imagine what he knows about guns."

"Yes," Jeremy agreed. "I can imagine. But this gun here in my hands looks like a Carter to me. It has a Carter frame."

The man nodded. "Yes," he confirmed, "it has a Carter frame. Carter & Co. had a couple of workmen who did all their best guns. But they went into business for themselves. They bought Carter actions and barrels and finished them up and stocked them."

"The Parry brothers," Jeremy Foyle remarked, "and old Bill Wilson."

JEREMY called on Brigid Lane.

"Yes," Brigid explained, "the company owed a good deal of money to the banks when Mr. Carter was killed. They put a man in, and I stayed as his secretary."

"What's his name?"

"Pelham," said Brigid.

"What did he do before?"

"I believe," Brigid said gravely, "that Mr. Pelham was superintendent of a factory that made kitchen utensils."

"And they put a man like that in charge of Carter & Co., making shotguns?"

"Yes," Brigid replied. "And then they decided to concentrate on one grade of gun—something much cheaper than Carter & Co. had ever made before."

"And they sacked the Parrys and Bill Wilson?"

"They sacked all the mechanics," Brigid said. "They thought they were too old-fashioned for modern methods."

Jeremy Foyle got up and walked back and forth the length of the office. "What a precious crew they are!" he burst forth.

"But you aren't thinking of risking your sixty thousand?"

"Does the bank realize what the name is worth?" he asked.

"It isn't worth as much as it was, Jer," she informed him.

"Nonsense!" he said. "If you got back the Parry brothers and Bill Wilson to do special jobs, and Jim Chapman to run the factory, and cut out this twenty-dollar gun, you'd get the name back. All you'd have to do is to let the word go out that this kitchen-utensil fellow the banks have put in is out and a shotgun man is in."

"It's a long chance, in times like these," Brigid said.

"If it weren't a long chance," Jeremy replied, "I'd have no chance to do it with sixty thousand dollars in cash. As it is, I might."

He did it. He found the banks avid for cash. Within a week he was chairman of Carter & Co., and Brigid Lane was his secretary, and the Parry brothers and old Bill Wilson were back at their benches, and Chapman, who'd known how to turn out a good sound gun for fifty dollars, was back in the superintendent's office.

Jim Massey, who'd left in a huff because Charlie Carter insisted on doing his selling for him, was back in charge of sales.

Jeremy called them in, one by one, to make sure they understood. He called in Chapman the first day.

"Jim," he said, "you used to run the Carter shops. You used to know your job."

"Yes, Mr. Foyle."

"All right, Jim," he said, "get on with it and do the things you used to do. Forget this twenty-dollar gun."

"I'll have things settled up in a week, Mr Foyle," Jim Chapman said, smiling. "I'll come in a week from today and tell you how matters stand."

Jeremy Foyle shook his head. "No, Jim," he said. "Don't report to me. I mightn't understand what you said. Report to yourself."

"Well——" Jim Chapman began.

"Jim," Jeremy said, "you're an old, experienced hand at running the Carter factory. You did it for years. Do it again. And don't come bothering me. I might give you bad advice!"

"Mr. Foyle," Jim Chapman said, puzzled, "I don't understand. You mean I don't have to report to anybody?"

Jeremy nodded. "What else would I mean, Jim? You know how to do it, and nobody else does. It's sort of up to you, Jim."

There was a strange gleam in Jim Chapman's blue eyes. "You practically mean I can do what I think best, Mr. Foyle?"

"Yes, Jim," Jeremy continued. "I mean it's your job to run Carter & Co.'s factory, and I don't want to hear any more about it."

Jim Chapman swelled out his chest. "Mr. Foyle, that's a chance I've never had in my whole life."

"You've got it now, Jim."

"I—I venture to say, Mr. Foyle," Jim Chapman began—"I—I mean——"

"Jim," he interrupted, "what do you mean?"

"I think, Mr. Foyle," Jim Chapman stammered, "I won't say anything now. I'll let what I do say it."

Jeremy grinned. "That's the idea, Jim—don't say anything—don't give me a chance to mess things up."

It took some time. It took some time to get the idea through their heads. But they eventually got it.

In six months they were running again. Jeremy found a young fellow named Fielding, who was crazy about shotguns, to take his job in the "crank" department.

"You know, Brigid," he said one afternoon in the office, "it's time for me to take a holiday."

"Mr. Carter never took a holiday in fifty years," Brigid said.

"I know," he replied. "But I'm not the glutton for work he was. I'm no slave-driver."

He stood up and looked at her as she sat at the corner of his desk with pencil poised over notebook. "What I mean, Brigid," he said, "is that I'm just as much of a fool about you as I used to be."

Brigid suddenly looked down at her blank page and scribbled symbols. "Either I was mistaken about you," she said, "or else I don't care if you are no good."

Jeremy Foyle put his arm around her. He would have kissed her then. But there was an insistent tap at the office door. He sat down smartly behind his desk. Brigid poised her pencil as if in the act of taking dictation.

"Come in!" Jeremy said. It was young Fielding.

"Mr. Foyle," young Fielding said, "Captain Watson is coming in tomorrow to look over the factory and see what Carter guns will do. He's quite an important man, as you know. I don't believe there's anybody in this country whose word carries more weight about shotguns."

"I think you're right, Fielding," Jeremy agreed, "and he's a fine old chap; as square as they make 'em."

"Well—" young Fielding muttered, "I mean—I thought perhaps—perhaps you'd like to see Captain Watson yourself."

"Why, of course, young fellow," Jeremy replied. "Bring him in when you've shown him around. I'd be delighted to meet him again."

"I know, Mr. Foyle, but—but—"

"Look here, Fielding," Jeremy interrupted. "Don't you know what we've got to show Captain Watsn? Can't you guide him around?"

Young Fielding stood up very straight. "Why, yes, of course," he said. "That's my specialty—knowing what would interest a man like Captain Watson. Only I thought perhaps—that——"

"Fielding," Jeremy Foyle interrupted him again, "I'm frightfully busy just now. If you would kindly consent to doing the honors for Captain Watson, I'd be awfully obliged to you."

"Consent!" young Fielding cried. "Why—why—there isn't anything in the world I'd rather do—"

"Then why don't you just do it, young fellow?" Jeremy asked.

"I—I will," young Jim Fielding said, and ducked out of the office. Jeremy got up and shut the office door after him.

"There," Brigid Lane, said as he turned back to her—"there's the example that proves my point."

"What point?"

"That you're a harder slave-driver than Mr. Carter ever thought of being. Mr. Carter did all the work. You don't do anything. You sit back and put it all up to your subordinates, and they nearly burst with pride and break their necks to do what you ought to be doing yourself."

"I'm lazy and easy-going—as you once told me," Jeremy admitted. "But I'm not much of an egotist."

"You're so much of an egotist," Brigid said, "that you don't have to work at all. You're so sure you're bigger and better than anybody else that you don't have to prove it to yourself."

Jeremy put his arm around Brigid and looked down into her face. "There's only one thing that would make me more of an egotist than I am," he said.

"With that you'd be practically insufferable," Brigid said.

"Yes," he agreed.

"All right," Brigid murmured, and she turned up her pretty oval face to be kissed.

The End.

Curtains

by Frederic Arnold Kummer

(Continued from Page 18)

there after dinner to keep her company for a while. Until Alec got home."

"I had a dinner engagement," Mr. Carroll explained, "and didn't get back until ten or thereabouts."

Marcia was looking at Prince Vassili; her face was troubled, grave.

"Good heavens, Serge!" she muttered. "I hope you aren't going to be mixed in this! You see," she went on, staring at the rest of us, "I sent Prince Vassili up here, about nine o'clock to get a bottle of Cointreau. Did you see Tompkins then, Serge?"

"No." The Prince seemed very uneasy. "I suppose he was in his pantry; I only went into the dining-room, got the bottle off the side-board. I didn't come in here."

Mrs. Carroll took her husband's arm.

"Thank goodness, Alec!" she exclaimed. "You were with friends; they'll swear to it, of course?"

"Of course!" Carroll appeared annoyed by the question. "I don't go around murdering inoffensive butlers; the last I saw of poor Tompkins was when we left here this afternoon."

Linda was staring fixedly at Prince Vassili and Carroll in front of the fireplace. Suddenly I saw her give a start and a strange, almost incredulous look came over her face, as though she'd seen something she could not believe. Then her lips curved in a thin, sweetly bitter smile. Queen Nefertiti, I thought, about to order some unfortunate slave tossed to the crocodiles! A moment later Sergeant Olds of the Homicide Squad and Inspector Bridges, with a flock of plainclothes men, were at the door.

Linda went up to the sergeant, drew him and Inspector Bridges aside. For several moments they talked together in whispers while photographers made pictures of poor Tompkins' body and the medical officer conducted a brief examination.

The sergeant nodded to one of his experts, who began to take prints of the dead man's fingers; I'd heard they did that for identification purposes but it seemed to me a horrible and rather unnecessary business in poor Tompkins' case; I regretted having spoken so unkindly of him, earlier in the evening.

The room was very quiet. Prince Vassili and Carroll were still standing in front of the fireplace; there was a glow of red logs behind them and the light from a bridge lamp, striking obliquely across their white faces and shirt fronts, threw them into high relief. I'm not artistic, but with the deep black of their evening clothes, the red of the fire, it made a wonderful picture.

The sergeant spoke to them, gently; the Claussen millions, I thought, had oiled his voice.

"I understand, Prince Vassili," he said, "that you were with Miss Claussen all the evening, except for a few moments around nine o'clock when you came up here, alone, to get a bottle of Cointreau she wanted?"

"Yes. That is right."

"And didn't see anything of the butler then?"

"No. I did not."

The sergeant turned to Carroll.

"And you ... what were your movements during the evening, Mr. Carroll?"

"I left my apartment at six o'clock to keep a dinner engagement. Prince Vassili, who is staying with me and had come down to dress, can testify to that as can also my wife. They and Miss Claussen know at what time I got back. And the two gentlemen I dined with spent the evening discussing business matters, which will give me a perfectly good alibi, in case I need one, which I don't. I had no reason for killing poor Tompkins ... haven't seen him, in fact, since some time this afternoon."

"And who did you dine with?" the sergeant asked.

Mr. Carroll's keen eyes twinkled.

"Well, officer," he said, "I was with Julius Goldfarb and a man named Corbus; I'd lost considerable money at a place Corbus runs on 54th Street and was discussing payment. If you care to ring him up...."

"Not necessary," the sergeant grunted. "We know you were with Corbus... I had him trailed." He turned to Linda. "Well, Miss Lane, you've heard his alibi, it's O. K. Any questions?"

Linda stepped forward. Two plainclothes men moved toward the fireplace. I couldn't make out what was coming but from the expression on Linda's face I knew it meant trouble for someone. Her voice, however, was smooth as cream.

"So you dressed, went out to dinner, at six?" she said to Carroll.

"Yes." The man seemed puzzled. "And returned at ten. Why?"

"Didn't stop in here on the way back, I suppose, attack Miss Van Dyke, search her room, after having murdered the butler...."

"What are you talking about?" Carroll snarled in sudden fury. He turned to Olds. "Haven't I already told you the last time I saw the butler was around three o'clock?"

"Then how," Linda inquired sweetly, "if you last saw him at three, and put on evening clothes at six, do you account for his finger-prints on your shirt-front?"

In a way it was a bluff, as Linda confessed to me afterwards. Not that the prints weren't there ... they were; small faint smudges on the glossy starched surface of the linen, visible only in a strong cross-light. I knew now why Linda had started; the chance she took was that, in spite of her deductions, they might prove not to be the butler's.

For an instant Carroll's muscular figure stiffened; then his hands shot up in a fierce, violent gesture toward his breast! But not far! Before they had gone six inches the two plainclothes men had gripped his arms while a third, with quick sweeps of a knife, cut away the front of his evening-dress shirt. A moment later a fingerprint expert was working swiftly over it with dusting-powder, a magnifying glass. The room was so still you could feel it!

"The dead man's," he announced almost at once. "Both hands clear, with the thumbs turned in, not out. The poor guy must have tried to push this bird away while being strangled to death."

"Marked him, all right!" the sergeant muttered, turning to Carroll. "Put the finger on you, didn't he ... right from the grave. Take him away, boys."

Mrs. Carroll began to scream. Cursing. It was a tremendous situation! Talk about your third-act climaxes! Yet Linda topped it. Her voice held a note of triumph.

"He didn't get the jewels," she said, her eyes like fire opals, as they blazed into Carroll's face.

Inspector Bridges stepped forward. Up to now this had been a homicide case but the robbery was his affair.

"Do you know where they are?" he asked.

"I do," Linda said. "They are in a box of marrons glaces, on the table in Miss Claussen's bedroom! I made sure of that a few moments ago, when I was upstairs. Wait, and I'll get them."

She ran to the staircase, rejoined us almost at once, holding a large silver-gift candy box in her hands. The heavy lid, turned back, revealed only a layer of marrons but beneath them,

(Continued on Page 20)

BEGINNING NEXT SUNDAY

Cathedral of Fear

By Herbert Jensen

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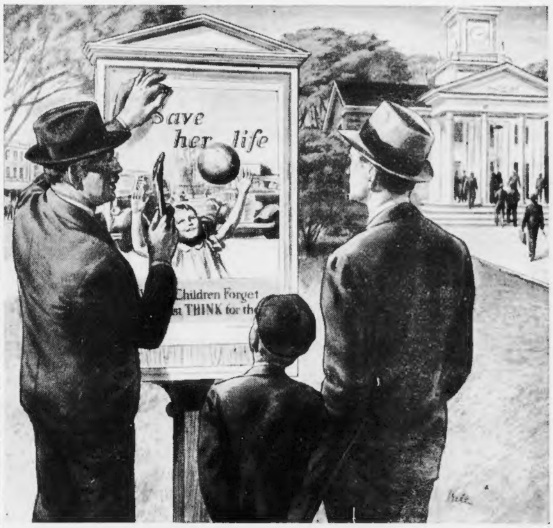

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The village record for traffic accidents during the following month was 75 per cent lower than for any of the preceding three months. The police report that the people are driving with greater respect for the rules of the road.

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Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Sliced Pineapple, Whole Grain Cereal, Toasted Rolls, Butter, Marmalade, Milk or Coffee. ***Luncheon*** Tomato Soup with Macaroni, Horseradish Salad, Scotch Scones, Fruit Surprise, Tea. ***Dinner*** Veal Cutlets or Lamb Chops in Casserole, Minted Mashed Potatoes, Baked Stuffed Squash, French-Fried Celery or Asparagus, Banana Blancmange.	***Breakfast*** Strawberries, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Toasted Graham Bread, Coffee Substitute. ***Luncheon*** Emergency Soup, Croutons, Deviled Egg Salad, Salad Dressing, Carrot Chips, Tomato Rolls, Cookies, Iced Lemonade. ***Dinner*** Sauerkraut Juice, Barbecued Pork, Hashed Brown Potatoes, Apple Glaze, Raw Cauliflower and Cabbage Salad, Mocha Custard.	***Breakfast*** Prunes, Cereal, Broiled Salt Fish Roe, Delicate Corn Muffins, Coffee. ***Luncheon*** Asparagus Bread Pudding, Ice-Box Rolls, Cherry Salad, Little Black Sambos, Iced Tea. ***Dinner*** Small Tomato Appetizers, Steamed Haddock, Anchovy Sauce, Steamed Potatoes, Green Beans, New England Fruit Pie.	***Breakfast*** Sliced Bananas with Orange Juice, Cereal, Nut Waffles, Maple Syrup, Coffee. ***Luncheon*** Mock Fried Fish, Cornmeal Cakes, Spring Fruit Bowl, Cookies. ***Dinner*** Calf's Liver Loaf with Potato Croquettes, Carrot Straws or French-Fried Onions, Jellied Vegetable Salad, Chocolate Pudding with Peppermint Sauce.	***Breakfast*** Grapefruit, Cereal, Baked Bacon, Toasted Left-Over Corn Muffins, Milk or Coffee Substitute. ***Luncheon*** Jellied Fish Salad, Tomato Sandwiches, Watercress Sandwiches, Pineapple Cup Cakes. ***Dinner*** Economy Soup, Roast Stuffed Beef Heart, Brown Gravy, Corn Pudding, Glazed Carrots, Lettuce Salad with Favorite Salad Dressing, Left-Over Cherry Betty with Creamy Sauce.	***Breakfast*** Orange Juice, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Toast, Coffee. ***Luncheon*** Cabbage au Gratin, Baked Sausage, Pinwheel Biscuits, Radishes, Celery, Rennet Custard, Iced Tea. ***Dinner*** Slice of Ham Baked with Mustard and Milk, Glazed or Fried Pineapple, Mashed Potatoes with Minced Chives, Favorite Cole Slaw, Orange Meringue Pie.	***Breakfast*** Melon or Berries, Cereal, Coddled Eggs, Melba Toast, Coffee. ***Dinner*** Assorted Hors d'Oeuvres, Roast Saddle of Lamb, Horseradish Loganberry Sauce, Buttered Noodles, Steamed Green Vegetable, Lemon Sherbet, Cookies, Demi-Tasse. ***Supper (Company)*** Jellied Potato Salad, Russian Dressing, Swedish Bread, Flower Garden Cakes, Iced Punch.

Dust---Mankind's Friend and Enemy

(Continued from Double Page)

black they are called "coal pockets."

Even a comparatively little of this star dust passing between the earth and the sun would cut down the light and heat to a point that would account for the world-wide chill that sent the polar ice caps half-way down to the tropics. Man, in this industrial age, has done much the same thing in thickening the sunshade over the big cities. From his coal and oil furnaces he pollutes the sky with aerial sewage.

From the accumulation of soot in the lungs of a body, Prof. Glaister of Edinburgh University is able to tell at a glance whether the person lived in the country or a city. It is the difference between a red lung and a black one. Workers in factories where rock is ground suffer from silicosis. Silicates, that is, substances containing the chemical element named silicon, cause the active parts of the lung to slowly change into scar tissue until there is not enough left for the victim to breathe with.

Cities of all civilized countries have passed ordinances against the smoke nuisance in varying degrees and apparently with reasonable success. The average length of life in New York City compares favorably with that in rural sections of country. London is not such an unhealthy spot as one would suppose from the fact that its air is so overloaded with soot and other forms of dust that at an ordinary cooling of the atmosphere there are so many dust particles to accommodate the moisture that none of them gets big enough to form a raindrop but they remain in the air as one of the famous London fogs.

Man being a rather large animal, dust is so small to him that he cannot see it until a considerable layer has collected on some well-lighted surface. Even then he cannot see the individual grains except with a magnifying glass and many of them only with the highest power microscope. A sunbeam, passing through a comparatively dark room, makes visible some of the oversized particles called motes. Even these he cannot feel if they fall on his skin or get in his eye unless there are too many at a time.

But to tiny creatures, like the small insects, this steady rain of what to them are quite sizable objects must be an endless affliction. One bath and a quick washing of hands and face before his three meals are all the average man needs in the course of a 24-hour day, but the poor insect is never through with these tiresome personal chores.

Consider the common housefly. Having gorged himself in the kitchen and gotten away unswatted, he buzzes into the living room and lights on a nice, warm, sunlit window-pane. The sticking plasters on his six feet will hold him there, as long as he pleases without effort.

He would like to drowse happily, digesting his dinner and asleep except for enough consciousness to pull up his sticking plasters and fly away if a shadow passing over his many-faced eyes tells him that something big is moving dangerously close. But watch him. Hardly will he have settled down than up go his two front feet, furiously scrubbing and rubbing at his head with its two great bulging eyes until it looks as if he would break his hair-like neck. At short intervals he does the same thing to his wings, his abdomen, his thorax, each of his legs. Then he is back at his head again. It is as if he had the hives or the seven-year itch.

It is not that but the dust constantly falling on him. He is about in the position of a person trying to sleep while some joker keeps gently laying on his face and naked body an endless assortment of small and undesirable articles from the dust bin.

Useful Household Tips on Refinishing

IN refinishing radiators, writes Mrs. Christine Frederick, it is well to recall that the lighter the finish, the greater the amount of radiation permitted.

This applies to all heating equipment. Bronze powder, with separate container or required mixing liquid, may be obtained in very small cans as well as in larger amounts. One good mixing liquid for either silver or bronze powder is 3 parts turpentine and 1 part linseed oil. Blend these, add to powder enough to produce a thin cream consistency, and always apply when radiator or riser is cold. Keep an old sheet or cloth crumpled tightly around the base of the radiator while working.

While floor painting is one of the very heavy jobs, especially if the floor area be large, there are small renovations which can be done by the home handy-woman.

Here is a suggestion for a satisfactory crack-filler: Stir enough plaster of Paris into a can of medium quality varnish to make a putty paste. Keep in a sealed can until used. To prepare the floor, scrub well with hot strong ammonia water and allow to dry thoroughly. Apply the filler with a flat-bladed putty knife, pressing the surface off level with quick right-left movements of the knife. The mixture should be harder for large cracks than for small. Keep off floor as long as possible—at least overnight—until filler is well set.

Scraping floors is a job which in some cases must be tackled if a good fresh surface is desired. One may rent a special floor-sanding machine from a good paint shop, and men who do this work are listed at such shops.

This work may be done by the hour, but the most satisfactory plan is for the worker to see the floor and make a flat estimate on the job in advance. This is a most unpleasant job to have done, since it makes a horrid noise, and also scatters a fine film of powdery dust over everything; but it removes the bad finish to the floor and gets right down to the original wood surface. If possible, let the family be out of the house.

And a word of caution about refinishing any floor which is waxed. Never do it unless sure that the wax has been totally removed. The writer speaks feelingly on this point, since a large dining-room floor, supposedly finished with a new coat of varnish, shortly "acted up," and even appeared to slide about!

Why? The explanation arrived at jointly by the paint supply man, the painter and the poor householder was: the wax previously used on the floor had prevented the complete penetration of the new coat of varnish into the wood. So alas, that entire floor had to be scraped and sanded, and then revarnished.

In retouching hardwood floors, it is well to know that if a light oak floor has been waxed and shows spots here and there, these worn areas may be removed with gasoline applied on a cloth, and the floor then shellacked and waxed again. In the case of darker floors which show scuffing at special points, the worn areas may also be rubbed with a gasoline-dampened cloth, and new stain carefully and lightly applied. Allow this to dry overnight, then revarnish the entire floor.

This was neatly done in another room in the writer's home recently, where a 3-foot additional floor space along one side of a room was obtained by knocking down a partition between a bedroom and closet. The bedroom floor was a good dark stain, while the floor of the closet was unpainted. By first staining the closet floor and letting it dry, and then varnishing both the old and new surfaces, a uniform appearance was given the entire floor.

For an entirely new oak floor, first fill cracks with filler, then varnish. Or, if a dark tone is desired, apply a dark oil stain, and rub with steel wool. Follow with two coats of white shellac, then wax and polish. This makes a beautiful rich floor for living-room or library.

CARBURETOR

UPDRAFT-
Live in your car, the CARBURETOR takes in air and produces a perfect mixture improving combustion

$1.25

YELLO-BOLE

A new way of burning tobacco, which burns it *better*, *cooler*, and *cleaner*. Most pipes don't have a bottom draft, but *this one has*—producing a new kind of smoke.

1—UPDRAFT keeps bottom of bowl absolutely dry.

2—PERFECT MIXTURE (of air and smoke) takes the rawness out of any tobacco, makes it mild.

3—CARBURETOR ACTION burns tobacco evenly and completely, producing better flavor.

4—CARBURETOR ACTION keeps smoke cool at all times. Now at your dealer's. Even a cigarette-smoker can smoke it, and like it. No "breaking-in"—bowl is caked with real honey, like all Yello-Bole Pipes. Get one today.

Flower Show Luncheon Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann,

The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

FOUR of my flower-loving friends hitched their second-hand car to the evening star this spring and began a tour of the big eastern flower shows. Before they journeyed West to visit other perhaps equally lovely shows they sent me the following recipes which they had collected in charming tea rooms. It is pleasant to have these recipes to share with our friends and families.

Chicken Terrapin.

HAVE ready 1½ cups diced cooked chicken, 1 or 2 tablespoons minced pimiento, 1 finely-shredded green pepper and 2 tablespoons minced olives. Mash 3 hard-cooked egg yolks, add 5 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon mustard, a few grains pepper and 3 tablespoons melted but not browned butter. Blend well. Add 1 pint scalded milk and stir constantly until smooth. Add 3 finely-chopped hard-cooked egg whites, the chicken, pimientos, pepper, olives, the juice of 1 lemon and ½ teaspoon salt. Reheat over hot water and serve in hot patties, timbales or cream puff shells. Garnish with crisp cress or parsley. Serve with macedoine green salad.

Hansel and Gretel Sugar Plum House (By Request).

BAKE a large loaf cake according to your favorite recipe or recipe previously given on this page. When cold, cover with chocolate butter frosting. Decorate roof and sides with thin cookies (animals, witches, Mother Goose and other fanciful shapes). Make the chimney of small hard candies in varied colors to represent a rock chimney. Indicate windows with heart-shaped candies. Suggest a weather vane on top of house by an amusing animal lollipop. Hansel and Gretel may be little dolls or three- or four-inch figures fashioned of vari-colored gumdrops.

Cabbage Mint Salad.

PREPARE 1 package lime-flavored gelatin, using as liquid half water and half pineapple juice. When mixture begins to congeal, beat in 1 cup crushed pineapple and 4 or 5 drops peppermint extract. Fold in 1 cup shredded crisp white cabbage. Turn into molds. Chill. Serve on crisp lettuce.

Mock Chicken Pie.

FINELY chop 1 onion and simmer in a little salted water until tender. Have ready 2 diced cooked carrots, 2 diced cooked potatoes and 1 cup cooked green peas. Flake 1 can (large) tuna fish. Melt 1 tablespoon butter, add 2 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 1 cup milk, a few grains salt, a few grains pepper and stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Add the fish. Arrange alternate layers of the vegetables and creamed fish, sprinkle with buttered bread-crumbs and brown the crumbs in a quick oven, or at about 450 degrees.

Raisin Sauce (for Boiled Ham).

TO 1 cup hot water add 1 cup sugar and bring to boiling point. Add 1 cup seeded or seedless raisins, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons vinegar, a few grains salt, ¼ teaspoon, each, ground cloves and cinnamon, and 1 glass grape jelly. Bring to boiling point. Thicken with 1 teaspoon cornstarch blended with 1 tablespoon cold water. Let stand over hot water until serving time.

Butterscotch Sauce.

MIX 1¼ cups sugar with ¾ cup light corn syrup, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ teaspoon salt and ½ pint thin cream. Cook until sugar thermometer registers 234 degrees F. or until mixture forms a very soft ball when tested. Serve hot or cold. Reheat, if desired, over hot water.

Cheese and Pineapple Salad.

PREPARE 1 package lemon-flavored gelatin as directed on package. When mixture begins to congeal, beat in 1 can grated or shredded pineapple (reserving juice for punch), 3 crumbled cream cheeses, salt and pepper to taste, a suggestion of mustard and 2 or 3 tablespoons finely-chopped pimiento. Fold in ½ cup cream, beaten until stiff. Turn into molds and chill. Turn out on crisp lettuce and serve with any desired dressing.

Currant Dressing. (For Fruit Salads).

TO 1 cup well-seasoned mayonnaise, add ½ cup cream, beaten until stiff, and ¼ cup Bar le Duc or currant jelly. Serve immediately.

Plum Jelly Sauce (for Lamb).

BEAT 1 glass plum jelly until light, add the grated rind of ¼ orange and a finely-chopped bunch of mint and mix lightly.

Ribbon Cake.

BAKE an angel cake in a large tube pan. When cold, cut in four layers, crosswise. Place bottom layer in large pan or bowl, cover with strawberry-flavored gelatin that is congealing, and place a layer of the cake on the jelly. Cover the cake with congealing lemon or orange gelatin colored delicately with yellow vegetable coloring. On this place another layer of the cake. Cover this with congealing pineapple-flavored gelatin that is delicately colored with green vegetable color paste. Cover with the last layer of cake and let stand in refrigerator several hours. Turn out on serving platter. Frost or cover with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored to taste. Decorate with pastry bag and tube, tinting the cream if desired. Let stand in refrigerator an hour or two before serving.

Garden Club Cup Cakes.

MAKE plain or chocolate cup cakes according to directions previously given on this page. Frost with seven-minute frosting. Decorate each cake with small colored gumdrops for flowers or petals and green frosting, citron or angelica for stems. Angelica may be softened by steaming over hot water for a few minutes.

Economy Macaroons.

BEAT 1 egg white until stiff. Sift 1½ cup powdered sugar. Beat in 2 tablespoons of the sugar and then fold in the remainder with ½ cup fine dry bread-crumbs and ½ teaspoon almond flavoring. Shape in small mounds on a greased baking sheet and bake in a slow oven, or at about 300 degrees, for 20 minutes.

Curtains

by Frederic Arnold Kummer

(Continued from Page 19)

snugly hidden from sight, was Marcia's leather jewel case!

"Poor Mr. Van Dyke put it there," she said, "to keep the jewels from being stolen by someone else ... and lost his life as a result. I felt sure he must have had some reason for carrying a box of marrons home with him that night; he'd taken them out, you see, to make room for the jewel case."

Marcia opened the leather case; on top of its glittering contents lay a folded sheet of paper.

"For me!" she whispered, glancing at it. "A note from Mr. Van Dyke!"

"Read it," Linda said. "Aloud."

Mr. Van Dyke's message had been written on note-paper from the desk in Marcia's bedroom; I was glad, in some ways, that Polly Van Dyke was upstairs with Mr. Robbins and didn't hear it.

"Dear Marcia," it read. "I have only a moment to write. They tricked me at the Widow's, where I'd gone with Serge and Carroll one night. Raised a note I gave them from $500 to $50,000 and claimed next day I'd been playing with thousand-dollar chips instead of ten-dollar ones, as I supposed! A lie, of course. Corbus said if I'd get him the combination of your safe he'd cancel the debt ... that you wouldn't lose anything as the jewels were insured. Said if I didn't it would be just too bad. I'm ashamed to say in my terror, I agreed ... gave them the code word I'd helped Polly make for the combination ... but I meant to tell you as soon as I'd gotten back my note so you could remove the jewels to a safe-deposit vault. Now I find they have been too quick for me; they must have suspected I might try to defeat them, because there is no doubt Miss Dorrance has been sent here tonight to make sure the jewels are still in the safe. Someone, I don't know who, will try to steal them before the evening is over, so to prevent that I am putting the case in your candy box where you will be certain to discover it later on. Tomorrow I mean to see a lawyer, tell him the facts, and find out what steps I can take to protect myself. Don't tell Polly, please ... she might think ... no more now ... I hear someone coming up the stairs ... F. Van D."

We all sat very still for a few moments after that, thinking of Mr. Van Dyke. There seemed nothing to be said. At least I couldn't think of anything. Linda, however, who is different, looked at Marcia Claussen holding that ridiculous box of jewels in her lap and spoke harshly, her eyes bright with tears she wouldn't admit.

"Now you've gotten your playthings back, Miss Claussen," she said, "at the cost of two lives. I advise you to sell the junk and give the money to the unemployed."

Which certainly was that; Linda doesn't mince matters when she gets started.

There aren't many loose ends to clear up. The insurance company refused to pay a reward ... claimed that because the jewels had never been out of Miss Claussen's possession they weren't really stolen at all. Marcia sent a check but Linda mailed it back and told her to give the money to Polly Van Dyke, since her father hadn't left her any.

They'll convict Alexander Carroll for killing poor Tompkins even if they can't prove he murdered Mr. Van Dyke; the man is an international jewel thief; his wife, by pretending a headache, got Marcia and the Prince away from the apartment, of course. Whether the police can hold Corbus and Goldfarb for anything, I doubt. Such crooks know how to cover up their trails.

Linda, as I've said in the beginning, is the most wonderful woman I know. Picture figuring out everything that had happened from some scribbled notes on the back of a card and a box of marrons glaces! Just psychology, she says.

As for me, I'm afraid I'll never make a detective. Seeing so many habeas corpuses lying around takes one's appetite away. And Clark Mason says we mustn't have that, because the only way he can get to see Linda is by asking me to dinner.

The End.

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Corns

Lift Right Out!

FREEZONE does it! Puts the corn to sleep—deadens pain—and in a few days makes it so loose in its bed of flesh that it lifts right out! Hard corns or soft yield to FREEZONE. It helps calluses, too. Get a bottle at any drug store and walk in comfort!

FREEZONE

FOR ITCHING SKIN

Are you suffering from an itching, burning, irritated skin? There's no need to. For 30 years Zemo has brought welcome relief to millions of sufferers. Because of its rare ingredients, Zemo usually cools, soothes and relieves the itching of Eczema, Simple Rashes, Pimples, Ringworm and similar annoying skin irritations promptly. Buy Zemo today—All druggists', 35¢, 60¢, $1.

zemo

FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

THE GREATEST BOOK of knowledge in the world is a scrap-book containing the Biblical, scientific, art, hygienic and domestic science articles and illustrations published regularly in this and other issues of The American Weekly. Why not start one for home and school use?

HOW CAREER GIRLS OVERCOME THE GREATEST HANDICAP TO SUCCESS

Business ... the stage ... teaching ... other professions ... each is a field sizzling with fierce competition in which no quarter is asked and none given. Who has the better chance of getting ahead—a girl whose breath is sweet and fresh or one whose breath is a continual offense to others?

Don't Offend Others

You never know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And you are certain to have it at some time or other. Its major cause is the fermentation in the mouth of tiny food particles, that even careful tooth brushing has failed to remove. Other causes are poor teeth, indigestion, indiscretions of eating and drinking.

Whatever the cause, the sensible thing to do is to combat the condition itself. You can do it so easily and pleasantly with Listerine Antiseptic. This marvelous deodorant first halts fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes. Use Listerine Antiseptic always before business and social engagements, so that you may not offend. Lambert Pharmacal Company.

LISTERINE

CHECKS HALITOSIS (BAD BREATH)

Decoration Day Opens the Picnic Season

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

DECORATION DAY opens the "official" picnic season, particularly this year, when it happens to fall on a week-end.

And picnics, like so many other things, may go modern, if you wish. This does not mean that the good old parcel lunch need be discarded, for the perennial favorite, "the basket lunch," will never lose its hold on popularity. But today one may share in picnics cold, hot or in between, and make this portable feast less of a haphazard affair.

First, why not picnic right on the old home porch, or in the backyard or a nearby beauty spot? For, after all, isn't a picnic an attitude of mind as much as the kind of food? Any meal may be a true picnic if served and eaten in an informal manner. Often, with holiday crowds and congested turnpikes, a home picnic is the most restful and enjoyable of any.

If there is a shaded porch or an outdoor living terrace, you may plan to serve the meal there. One good idea is to arrange a separate tray for each person and carry the entire tray, cafeteria style, to where it is to be eaten.

Or again, the chief foods, such as salads, sandwiches and relishes, may be grouped on one of the very new and large platters which are painted to look like an immense dinner plate, having a diameter of almost 20 inches. This striking tray permits the most stunning combinations and arrangements and gives a large-scale opportunity for the hostess' ingenuity.

One suggestion is to serve the central salad in an inner paper or other container, in such a way that each portion will serve individually, without trouble. Group assorted small sandwiches overlapping at the base, and stick relishes in between. This handsome "tower" effect provides almost the entire meal on one dish.

For the home porch or terrace meal, also, wood platters, bowls and sets are suitable, as they are for all summer service. Two or more large wooden chopping bowls may hold salads, while either flat wooden plates or small round wooden bowls may be filled for each individual portion. This idea of a large wooden salad bowl with matching smaller bowls is very smart, and most practical — the wooden dishes are not only very good-looking, but have the added advantage of being break-proof. Wooden salt and pepper shakers, with glass oil and vinegar cruets, complete such an outfit.

New models are seen of the familiar push or wheel tray or tea-cart. For summer and outdoor use, these are painted to be damp-resistant, whether of wood or metal. Glass trays, too, with double decks, the top for the beverage service and the lower two trays for sandwiches, salads and cold-cut platters, are more practical than would appear.

Indeed, the glass table is now popular in outdoor furniture. Seen some years ago as a novelty exclusive for the wealthy pocketbook, this season the glass table is being produced on a low-cost mass basis so that it now competes with tables and sets of wrought iron, wicker, or bamboo. And speaking of glass, one must add that using glass lamps or chimneys for large outdoor candles is a charming and romantic custom. "Dining by candlelight," outdoors, is perhaps the last word in making any meal attractive.

But if one would a-picnic-go, to woods, beach, or mountain, then all the carry-along devices and ideas will help the traveling hostess. And here's where any picnic may go modern. The No. 1 helper is the electric cooker, which is quite reminiscent of the fireless cooker, and which has a similar "well" into which the cooking inset or unit is stored.

In this capacious pot may be prepared such foods as fricasseed chicken or roast chicken or ducks; baked beans and frankfurters, a small baked or braised ham, or a mammoth meat loaf—any meat or dish, indeed, which is capable of being cooked and carried in the same dish.

If the current is turned off about as the picnic party leaves home, the unit will hold heat about two or even three hours, so that the food may, in many cases, be served piping hot from its bucket.

It may be added here, that such an insulated well-cooker will keep foods cold equally well as hot. Chill cooker-well with ice cubes, keep in a few at the bottom, and then fill in the container or jar of salad, dressing, mayonnaise, or even gelatin, and it will arrive at journey's end chill and refreshing. Drinking water or a supply of small bottles of beverage, beer or soda, can also be stacked in the well-cooker to chill.

Since salads form so important an item of many or most picnics, how best may they be carried along? If it's a diced or shredded mixture, such as cole slaw, or diced vegetable, etc., then pack it into a clean glass fruit jar with snap-bail top, and set it to chill several hours in the refrigerator.

If, however, there is to be lettuce and other greens, do not make up the salad, but carry along the washed and shaken lettuce in a bag by itself, and other ingredients such as radishes, pickles, tomatoes, etc., uncut. In this way they do not get messy or soggy or lose moisture. There are new special oil silk bags just for this purpose, which keep such foods moist and protected.

Other stand-bys like meat loaf (never so good as at a picnic), may be carried as is, right in their loaf or baking pan. If one of the new electric roasters or casseroles, with two inserts, is being used, then carry along the meat loaf as it was baked in the removable metal insert, and a dish of baked spaghetti, beans and franks in tomato sauce, etc.

Desserts like custards, or puddings or a baked cake may be carried in the same containers in which they were baked. Or, paper cups and dishes may be used for both baking and toting.

The new paper dishes are durable, and designed especially for such uses. Small cup cakes or sponge cakes, a pan of Parker House rolls or a sweet tea bread, may all be baked in paper, carried in paper, and the dish thrown away at the end of the feast, with no dishes to carry home to be washed. This, alone, makes a picnic of any meal.

Pastry and tarts are another type of food which deserves a wider use in the carry-along picnic. While it is not so easy to carry a large pie without breaking off its flaky crust edge, the small tart or turnover carries excellently and safely.

Use a medium crust, cut into rounds as large as a saucer, and heap a large spoonful of cooked meat or other filling in the center. Fold over the crust, prick and pinch the edges together, and bake until brown. Cool, then wrap individually in wax paper.

This is a modern version of the good old-fashioned Cornish "pasty" carried by the workers and tucked into lunch boxes generally. Also, a direct descendant of the small pork pies so commonly eaten out-of-hand in England and elsewhere. Make the filling of a creamed chicken, a minced ham or tongue, or a veal mixture, with plenty of well-seasoned gravy.

Can there be a picnic without hard-cooked eggs? Yes, surely, and yet if ever hard eggs are tasty it is when eaten at an outdoors setting. However, provide a small jar of some kind of spicy zestful sauce to carry along, and to use for "drinking" or pouring over the eggs.

Thus, a mayonnaise seasoned with chili sauce, or dressing mixed with sardines or anchovies is a good sauce for the purpose. Carry sauce separately, place a large spoon of it on the plate, and dip the hard eggs into it, as they are eaten. This saves all the tedious trouble of making up the yolks with seasonings and repacking into the whites, etc., as the familiar "stuffed eggs." Just boil, cool, and dip.

Even a picnic must have its dessert or sweet, and what other so appropriate as ice cream?

Some of the new little freezers which turn by hand will freeze a plain vanilla cream in less than ten minutes. Freeze, then repack with ice and salt, cover well, and tote along in the car.

There are several other small devices and accessories which are suitable to any outdoor dining, all summer long. For instance, the beverage container, having an insert into which ice or ice-cubes are put, so that the beverage is chilled without actual contact with melting ice.

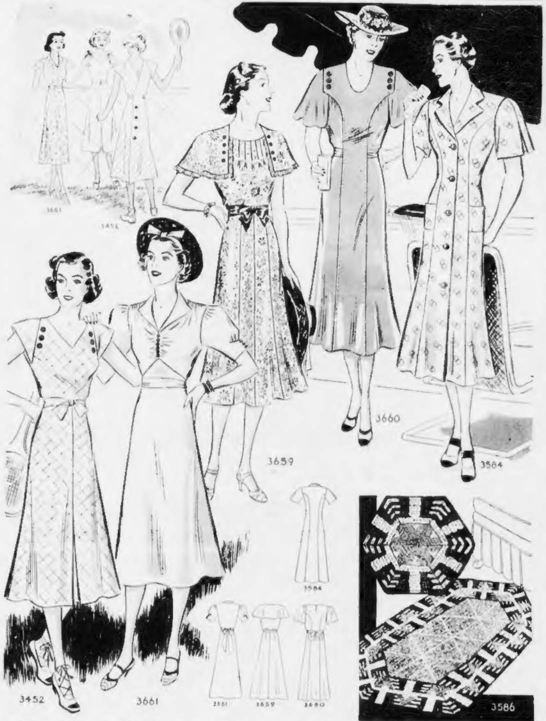
Then there is the electric lantern, or device so built that it kills flying insects as they touch its specially constructed wires. This lantern has a diffused light which permits card playing or eating.

Very handy is a special snack kit, or woven picnic basket, fitted with two small insulated bottles, a sandwich box, a pickle jar, a glass flask, and four cups and spoons of unbreakable composition ware.

You may want to try a larger picnic kit with a washable fabric case. All the outfit (for four persons) is made of unbreakable composition, in red or green.

A popular picnic accessory is a steak grill outfit, made of heavy wire, and collapsible. May be set up anywhere, as the four metal legs are sharp-pointed.

American Weekly Patterns



Pattern 3659—FLATTERING CAPELET AND A DARTED NECKLINE MAKE THIS A PRIZE "WINNER" FOR ALL OCCASIONS. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch fabric, 1⅛ yards 2¼-inch ribbon for sash, and 1⅞ yards lace edging.

Pattern 3660—THE SLENDERIZING FRONT PANEL AND YOUTHFUL SASH WITH GAY BOW TIE WILL DO WONDERS FOR YOUR FIGURE. Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3584—YOU'LL PRACTICALLY LIVE IN THIS NOVELTY GORED COAT-STYLE FROCK WITH THE SAUCY BUTTON TRIM. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3452—GALA FROCK FOR THAT IMPORTANT TENNIS MATCH AND YOU'LL BE COMFORTABLE 'CAUSE IT'S BUILT FOR ACTION AND SPEED. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch fabric.

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34	27-28	37-38	34
36	29-30	39-40	36
38	31-32	41-42	38
40	33-34	43-44	40
42	35-37	45-46	42
44	38-40	47-50	44

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Killing Friendly Insects

(Continued from Page 5)

countries, the bedbug's enemies such as the small Greek spider did not exist. Accordingly, the bedbugs were able to multiply as the cactus did in Australia. As time goes on and bedbug enemies also succeed in spreading over the world, the easy times in bedbug-land will cease, and housewives will enjoy a triumph not of their own making.

It is one of the ironies of the insect world that so many creatures among real allies of man are feared or despised as being something else. In the mountainous fringes of the deserts of New Mexico and Arizona lives an underground creature locally called the vinegaroon, really a kind of whip-tailed scorpion. Like the centipede, the vinegaroon presents a far from pleasant appearance. He even suffers from a subterranean equivalent of halitosis, distributing around him a sour, unpleasant, vinegar-like smell. Any native of the regions concerned will insist that the vinegaroon is among the deadliest creatures known. One bite or sting is supposed to be fatal, with the accompaniment of extreme agony.

In fact, the vinegaroon neither bites nor stings, is absolutely harmless to human beings under any circumstances and is highly useful because of his habit of boring around generally through the soil, finding the grubs of other insects which might be harmful and disposing of these in extremely efficient fashion. The 17-year-old locust, an insect which spends that much time buried under ground and getting ready for the next flight, is not common in the vinegaroon's territory, perhaps because the underground army of vinegaroons finds and disposes of the locust grubs. It might even be worth trying to breed special armies of vinegaroons, turn them loose in country which is infested with locusts and see what they could do.

In Turkestan, the Kirghiz natives understand better than those of New Mexico which of their insect compatriots are to be regarded as helpful and which as harmful. In that country there live uncounted millions of scorpions; not especially harmful to man but still able to administer a somewhat painful sting. Most nations would regard such a sharing of their country with scorpions as undesirable, but the Kirghiz welcome these creatures and protect them. The reason is simple and sensible. In Turkestan there also exist large numbers of small vicious spiders, resembling the poisonous Black Widow spider of the United States. The Kirghiz, quite properly, like these spiders much less than they like these scorpions. They also have observed that scorpions are great enemies of the spiders. By tolerating the scorpions, the spiders are kept to reasonable numbers.

For some insects definitely known as harmful, neither Nature nor man seems to have found any such living enemy to keep the insect in check. Among these are the termites, wood-eating insects regarded as a growing danger in the United States. Repelling the present termite invasion promises to be one of the most difficult tasks of insect science during the next few years.

Termites are among the oldest of known insects and have had millions of years to organize their own society and to learn how to escape from or to combat every kind of enemy. Yet it is possible that somewhere in the world a termite enemy exists and will be found. To find this enemy and encourage it certainly would be a better way to meet the termite menace than by wholesale slaughter of all kinds of insects, harmful and beneficial ones alike.

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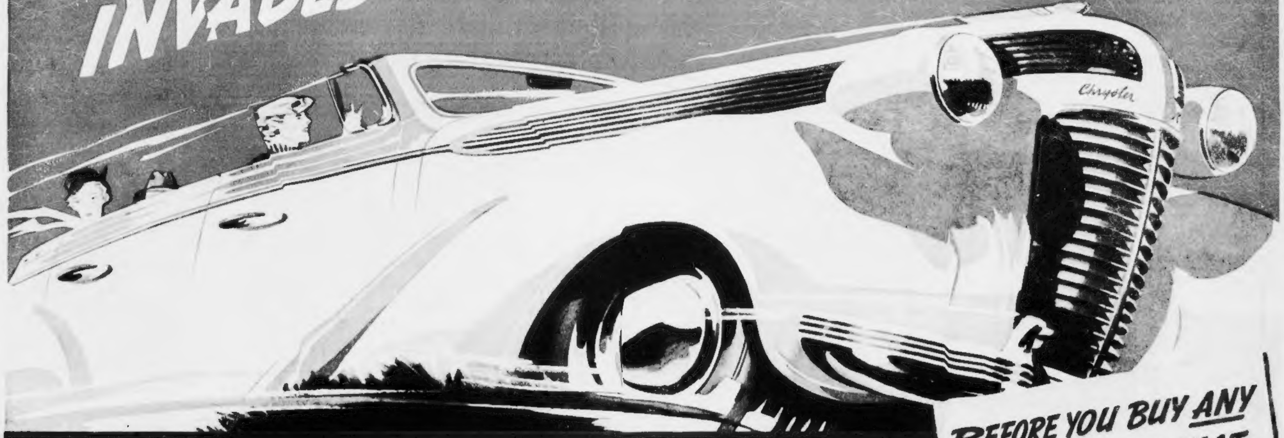

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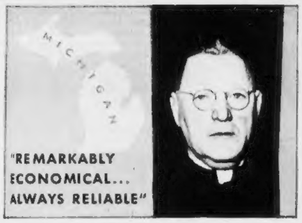

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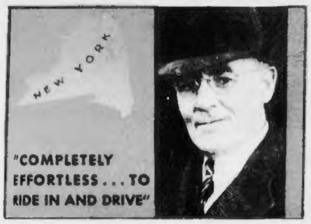
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